

8416. b. 62

THE  
REVOLUTIONS  
OF  
MODESTY.

To which is added,

THE  
REIGN  
OF  
PLEASURE.

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*Et quibus ipsa Modis traëtur blanda Voluptas.*

LUCRET.

the Art of height'ning our Delights.

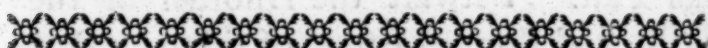
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THE  
REVOLUTIONS  
OF  
MODESTY.



CHAP. I.

*The extraordinary Conception and Birth of*  
MODESTY.

EBE, the Goddess of Youth,  
and Daughter of JUNO, was  
priviledged above all other Di-  
vinities to enjoy an unfading Delicacy,  
beauteous Tincture of Skin, and Fea-  
tures ever blooming. Artless, and al-  
most infant Charms appeared in all she  
B said

said, or did. The genuine Pleasingness of younger Years, ever-smiling Joy, and innocent Pastimes accompanied every where the youthful Deity.

JUPITER, as a distinguished Mark of his Affection, honoured her with the Office of waiting on him at Table. But it so happened, one Day, that, as she was presenting Nectar to him, her Foot slipped, and the divine Assembly was alarmed at her Fall. Betwixt the Disorder of the Fall, and hurried Effort of rising, a Part of her snowy Thighs unveiled excited instant and sympathetic Desires in every God. They with Complacency levelled their Eyes on the attractive Object. It would be wronging them to judge otherwise from the known History of their Temperaments, faithfully transmitted to us, by the Poets, and other Accounts of equal Authority.

There is no relating HEBE's Confusion on the Occasion. Nay, it so powerfully

erfully operated on her Imagination, that she became mentally impregnated, without the Co-operation of any, even a celestial Paramour !

However Mortals may wonder, the Gods were not at all astonished at this extraordinary Phænomenon. Such Adventures happened frequently among the chaste Inhabitants of *Olympus*.

The first Miracle of this kind was JUPITER's being big with MINERVA, of whom he was delivered by a Chasm in his Head, through the Midwifry of his Imagination.

Nor was our beautiful Goddess HEBE's Birth a Whit less extraordinary. The reverend, full breasted, Ox-eyed JUNO (so *Homer* calls her) often declared, that HEBE was insinuated into her by the Conveyance of a Lettuce, she had eaten.

Good Father JUPITER, Sire of Gods and Men, (not forgetting the Goddesses and female Mortals) believed, or seemed to believe his celestial Spouse, dreading the violence of her Temper, if once suspected on the Article of Chastity; though she had been notoriously guilty of every other matrimonial Vice. In short, JUPITER loved Peace and Quiet, and behaved in this critical Dilemma as every well bred Man of Family and Title ought; heard, saw and said nothing. \*

In

\* The Spirit and Moral of this Passage has been prettily hit off, in a modern Song.

To make the *Wife* kind, and to keep the House still,  
You must be of her Mind, let her say what she will;  
In all that she does, you must give her her Way:  
For tell her she's wrong, and you'll lead her astray.  
Then *Husbands* take Care, of Suspicion beware,  
Your *Wives* may be true, if you fancy they are,  
With Confidence trust them, and be not such Elves,  
To make by your Jealousy Horns for yourselves,  
&c.

In Consequence of her singular Conception, H E B E in a short Time was delivered of the most amiable female Baby ever beheld by Eyes mortal or divine. — She has been since known by the Name of M O D E S T Y.







## C H A P. II.

*The Gods visit MODESTY, and  
make her Presents.*

S H E dawned beauteous into Life,  
the orient Blushes of her lovely  
Complexion cheared each Eye, and won  
every Heart. The graceful Decorum of  
her Looks soon secured her Empire in  
all gentle Breasts; for none but savage  
ones can refuse her pleasing sway.

The chief among the Gods visited,  
and honoured with Presents this new-  
born and wonderful Existence.

J U P I T E R's Compliment was a Bou-  
quet of Diamonds, a Prize lately won  
at the *Olympic* Games, and dedicated to  
him by the Victor, a Native of *Greece*.

APOL-

APOLLO presented her a Set of his favourite Pipes to sweeten her Hours of Retirement ; and at the same Time celebrated her Birth in most harmonious Verses, worthy of the God.

Grim-smiling VULCAN brought her all little necessary female Implements, executed with the utmost Delicacy of Workmanship the *Cyclops* were capable of.\*

MERCURY lit soon after, and humbly offered her a Band-Box fill'd with Babies' Trinkets, which he had newly stolen from many a Nurse, that now in vain bewail their Losses, and promise Rewards in their respective

B 4

Neigh-

\* The Origin of *Twees*.—— So much prejudiced am I in Behalf of *modern* against *antient* Merit, that in this, and other material Instances, I dare assert, that the *Birminghamites* of *England* by far surpass the boasted Artists of *Ætna*.

Neighbourhoods for the Recovery of them.

But what was not a little surprizing, even aged SATURN came to the Visitation with unwrinkled Brows, and determined to throw in his Mite : MODESTY has Charms for every Age. The old and faithful Companion his Scythe supports his feeble Steps. The other Gods were not more amazed at his unexpected Presence, than at his antiquated Gift. Guess, Reader, what it was. Out-of-fashion-Ear-rings, which he set a great Value on, because they had been whilom worn by his good Spouse R H E A, at the very Infancy of the World, the stale Epoch of their amorous Dalliance. Such is the Obstinacy of old Age, whether in Heaven, or in Earth, that it always despises and cries down the Objects of present Admiration ; but extols extravagantly whatever it valued, had  
a Taste

a Taste for, or patronized in its Youth.\*

\* Hence *Horace* (it is obvious) stole his Character of old Age; there being in *poetic Possibility* no Instance prior to SATURN.

————— *Laudator Temporis acti  
Se Puero, Castigatorque minorum.*

HOR.

The Panegyrist of Time past, of what he had seen, when a Lad; but Satyrift of the present Times and Manners, &c.





## C H A P. III.

*The Goddesses visit* MODESTY.

**T**HE Goddesses resolved not to be behind Hand on so solemn an Occasion, and to do all Honours to their new born Sister.

They dressed and adorned themselves, as elegantly as when their Festivals are celebrated on Earth. When Frankincense is burnt on their Altars, and the aspiring Curls of devout Perfumes gladden their condescending heavenly Smell, or *eager Nostrils*, to use the sublime Expression of the *Greeks*.

Each Goddess attended, one after the other, according to her Rank of Precedency, and were emblazoned by the Characteristics of their Deityships.

C H A P.





## C H A P. IV.

MODESTY'S *indifferent Behaviour*  
to J U N O.

**J**UNO, as *Sister* and *Wife* \* of J O V E,  
took the Lead environed by all the  
Regalia that could manifest the imperial  
Splendor of her State, elevated as she  
was above all other the Celestials.

The Herald of her Approach was  
slow-pac'd Respect with Hands joined  
on her Breast, Countenance awe-struck,  
and Head declined.

After her marched clamorous Pomp  
and profuse Magnificence, almost whelm-

B 6 ed

\* There is no *Incest* in Heaven; that is a Crime  
specificated to paltry Mortals, and justly so; for in  
what else could consist the Disparity between Men  
and Gods, but in such priviledged Dispensations!

ed under their superb Habiliments, and scattering with open Hands Gold and precious Stones as they went along.

Next to them paraded on haughty *Greatness* that luxuriates in the Rays of her own Splendor: Arrogant PRIDE with elevated, over-bearing Brow, whose chief Pleasure is to rise by the Depression of others.

The Goddess solemnly advanced in a Blaze of Charms that spoke her the Queen of Heaven, and Wife of J O V E. All Eyes were fixed on her. She had never appeared so charming before.

J U P I T E R (Husbands are seldom partial) felt unusual Emotions, forgot she was his Wife, and complimented her on her Allurements in a neighbouring Grove of Myrtle \*.

J U-

\* This Incident gives Rise to an Observation on what we but too frequently see in Society.—How many

JUNO, animated into new Beauties from her Interview with Jove, had thence a Brilliancy superadded to the Majesty of her Person.

She drew near the Cradle of MODESTY with a conscious Superiority. The infant Goddess heeded her not. Her whole Attention was bent on Respect, on whom she smiled, and nodded Approbation to.

JUNO offered to take her by the Hand. MODESTY started at the Attempt, raised her Eyes at her, looked stedfastly and amazedly on the Glare of Pomp that was displayed; then blushed, trembled, and shrunk from JUNO, to envelop herself in her swathing Cloaths.

How

many Husbands declare a Disrelish against their Ladies, as Wives; whom as Mistresses they own they would adore. This Weakness (we may plausibly conjecture) is originated to us from our general Father, Thunder-darting Jove.

How could M O D E S T Y, consistent with her Character, have behaved otherwise ?

Whether Self-love be founded on Greatness of Birth, merited Titles, large Possessions, or superior Talents, an Ostentation of them must always throw M O D E S T Y into Confusion; that, Content with Virtue, and centering Happiness in herself, shuns and despises all pompous Illusions, the sickly Fancies of Men have invented, to varnish over the real Miseries of their mortal State.

**C H A P.**



## C H A P. V.

MODESTY'S *Slight of VENUS*; the  
*Alarms of CUPID.*

**T**HE next Goddess that followed was VENUS. Her Head Attire was the Triumph of Art. She was as beautiful as the Energy of the Word Beauty can signify; but still with Invention's Aid would fain be something more, if possible. She had on the same Ornaments of Dress she wore on the victorious Day the handsome Shepherd of Mount *Ida* decreed the Apple to her; nor had she lost a Ray of the conquering Charms she kindled into, from the infelt Transports of her acknowledged Superiority over JUNO and PALLAS.

Her Deportment was attractively languishing.

“ As



“ As if secure of all Beholders Hearts,  
 “ Neglecting she could take them.”

Behind waved her shining Hair in Ring-lets natural, unarranged, but jostling each other with rival Wantonness to kiss the various Wonders of her snowy Neck and Shoulders, which formed a shifting checquered Scene, like a Dance of Sun-Beams upon Parian Marble. Her sparkling Eyes, full fraught with young Desires, darted abroad a pleasing and irresistible Blaze, whose electric Power no Heart, however savage or untamed, can escape.

The delighted Zephyrs hovered over her alabaster Bosom, which they cheered with cool and balmy Sighings. In Return, her grateful Bosom rose to meet, and thank their Kindness. The tender Fluctuation was enrapturing to Sight!

Say, ye Immortals, how enchanting she appeared! It would be vain, it  
 would

would be presumptuous in a weak Mortal to pretend to paint what Gods were dazzled to behold!

Before her walked two by two entwreathed with Flowers, and festooned to each other the dimpled Smiles, and joyful Sports; then a Band of little Genii; some of whom with flying Fingers concerted to soft Flutes; while others sang their Goddess's Praise: To the melodious Numbers their silver Wings beat Time.

The three Graces proceeded after Hand in Hand. Voluptuous Ease and downy Indolence strewed flowery Perfumes and odoriferous Liquids all around, that every Sense might be regaled.

But Wonder was wedded to VENUS, leading CUPID by the Hand †.

The

† In Imitation of VENUS her modern Priestesses are observed to delight in leading a Child by the the Hand, in all public Places.

The wicked Urchin looked all around with a malicious Smile, or rather Leer; before him flew a Groupe of lascivious Pleasures, they were in a continued Flutter, still escaping from the Beholder's Eye, however intent to fix on them; then re-appeared, when least expected; and when the fondly deluded Thought they were sure of, and had them as it were in their Hold, they flitted off on glittering Wings, and diving into a black Cloud, betrayed them into sudden and disagreeable Darknefs. Lightning does not strike and escape more rapidly from the Eyes of affrighted Travellers, than they did from the eager Sight of Fools they deceived.

*Sweetness* was also one of CUPID's seducive Vanguard; and where she walked, left after her a Train of Honey, to allure to Ruin the unwary Flies of Humanity †.

Flat-

† How pretty is Mr. Gay's Imitation.

"The Fly that sips Treacle is lost in the Sweets."

Flattery, Complacency and Tip-toe Attention varied into a Thousand obliging Appearances, carried in their Hands the favourable Arrows of the little God.

These were the gay Fore-runners of CUPID, but alas what a melancholy Train followed him.

Restless Disquietude, moping Melancholy, tempestuous Desires, timid Hopes, Self-tormenting Rancour, Heart-gnawing Suspicion; then green-eyed Jealousy, whose dire Employment is to whet on a Stone reeking with the warm Blood of Mortals, a suicide Poniard destined to pierce her own Bosom †.

What

† It is clear that *Horace* had this Image in his Eye:

————— *ferus et CUPIDO*

*Semper ardentis acuens sagittas*

*Cote cruentâ.*

HOR.

Which signifies literally, cruel CUPID sharpens his burning Arrows on a Bone moistened with Gore.

What three Horrors next appear ! Implacable Hatred never fatiated with Mischief ; ruthless Vengeance ever thirsty of Blood ; execrable Treachery that smiles to your Face, while it meditates the Dagger in your Heart.

After these were seen a wretched Pair, the very Twins of Misery.

Dejected Grief all over Wounds, wailing incessantly, but in vain, her fatal Mistakes.

Pale Repentance, her former Beauties quite effaced, Locks dishevelled, that had been the Ringlets of Love, Tears streaming from her late celebrated Eyes, now strikes her beauteous Bosom with a persecuting Hand \*.

Spec-

\* *Virgil* has copied this in his Picture of *Dido*.

————— “ *Pectus percussa decorum*  
“ *Flaventesque abscissa Comas.*” *VIRG.*

She struck her beauteous Bosom, and tore her flaxen Locks.



Spectators at a Distance could not imagine such tragic Figures to be in any Sort Retainers to the gay Triumph that preceded, but Wretches accidentally met, and instigated by their Curiosity to follow the splendid Pageantry.

Thus escorted was the Queen of Beauty, and her destructive Son. She with an affected Ease swayed her Love-exciting Form towards the Cradle of MODESTY; was alarmed at the Sight: Her Countenance first betrayed her Amazement at the Novelty, which her Tongue confirmed in declaring, that she had never beheld any of that Sort of Beauty before.

MOMUS, who loved a Joke (no Matter at whose Expence) more than *Ambrosia* or *Nectar*, thus complimented VENUS. “ Your bright-eyed Goddessship is very ingenuous in this  
“ pub-

“ public Declaration. For even *Envy* must  
 “ allow, that altho’ your pretty gene-  
 “ ral Experience hath made you acquaint-  
 “ ed with most Things ; and more pro-  
 “ foundly so in the Functions of Beau-  
 “ ty: yet you had never before seen,  
 “ nay never had conceived an Idea bear-  
 “ ing the least Affinity to this new-  
 “ born Deity.”

The Goddess heard this sly Sarcastic  
 unmoved ; for such is the Privilege of  
 Vice, that by growing callous to Re-  
 proach, it disuses itself from the Praise-  
 worthy Foible of Blushing. Therefore,  
 with Harlot-Effrontery, and open Defi-  
 ance, she boldly sprang forward to snatch  
 an Embrace from *M O D E S T Y*.

The infant Goddess (so great is the  
 Power of Virtue) with a rebuking Eye  
 looked *V E N U S* into Dismay, and  
 turned from her with Aversion.

C U -

CUPID, on espying the superior, and to him odious Charms of MODESTY, felt his immediate Defeat, and hastened to skreen himself and his Sorrows behind Part of the Robe of VENUS. There conceal'd, he sigh'd and wept immoderately. Her maternal Affections being startled by Lamentings from her Son, which he used to cause in others, not to be subject to himself; asked him what was the Cause.

Disconcerted CUPID, as well as interrupting Sighs and Tears would permit, replied: "Mama, that Child in the  
 "Cradle has scared me out of my Wits.  
 "—— She looks angrily at, and as if  
 "she would quarrel with me—— I hate  
 "the Sight of her. —— Come, dear  
 "Mama, let us begone, let us fly from  
 "this odious Place —— Come, let us  
 "repair to our own *Paphos* —— Every  
 "Body there is glad to see me, every  
 "Body loves, and all pay Homage to  
 "me."

VE-

V E N U S, with a Smile of Compassion, raised the anguished God in her Arms, leaned his Head upon her blissful Bosom, there cordially revived him with odorous Breathings from her Balm-exhaling Lips. She infused new Spirits by assuring him, that she would give him such Instructions (which, if he would execute) as should counteract all the puny Efforts of M O D E S T Y to disturb his Empire, which is to end but with the World.

C U P I D, re-animated by this Promise, bounded from V E N U S's Lap; they then drew back, and went to ally their Resentment to J U N O's, who brooded on her Affront.

C H A P.



## C H A P. VI.

MODESTY's *favourable Reception of*  
PALLAS.

PALLAS comes on with a noble and easy Deportment, free from Pride or Arrogance; she bears the formidable *Ægis* in her Hand.

She is as fair as VENUS, and might be taken for the Goddess of Beauty, but that her Discretion is an exclusive *Criterion*. Effeminacy does not languish in her Countenance. Regardless of all auxiliary Artifices to embellish her Features, she neglects exhibiting them in their natural State. It was obvious to every stander by, that, either she was not conscious of her Beauty, or if she was, that she thence arrogated Nothing to herself.

C

Great-



Greatness softened by Beauty, Beauty strengthened by Greatness were her Attributes. There reigned through all her Actions an insinuating, and, at the same Time, commanding Charm, that attracted Hearts, and subdued Reason to own her Empire.

The Heralds of her Arrival were meek Discretion, healthful and robust Sobriety; Prudence, that with an hundred Eyes penetrates into dubious Futurity.

PALLAS did not chuse to have more Companions for the present Visit. She might, if, like to the preceding Goddesses, she affected Pomp, make a Parade of the Virtues in her Retinue; for indeed they all follow in the Train of Wisdom. But she omitted them for more important Occasions, and was simply attended by three faithful Companions that never quit her. Wisdom is ever discreet, sober, and cautious.

Rays

Rays of innocent Joy brightened the Face of MODESTY at seeing PALLAS ; her little Eyes shone with Affection. By continual Smiles, and many welcoming Efforts, she manifested herself a spontaneous Votary of the Deity present.

MOMUS, not to lose his Jest, thus accosted PALLAS : “ If I remember  
 “ well what I hope your Goddess-ship has  
 “ not forgot, I can’t apprehend how you  
 “ have deserved these partial Marks of  
 “ Favour from MODESTY : for Fame  
 “ has long since, not only whispered,  
 “ but trumpeted abroad, that you de-  
 “ serted her Standard for the poor bri-  
 “ bing Hopes of a *Golden Pippin*, when  
 “ on Mount *Ida*, to the Shepherd PA-  
 “ RIS, appointed Arbiter of Beauty,  
 “ you exposed yourself naked for his In-  
 “ spection.”

The Deities joined in a general Laugh at MOMUS’s cutting Raillery, but VE-

NUS more outrageously than the Rest; for it is the Characteristic of VICE to exult whenever DETRACTION asperges VIRTUE.

The Goddess of Fortitude abashed at so unexpected a Reproach, made no Reply. Instant Blushes diffused over her Face, whence she appeared more beautiful; warned thereof by the Glow she felt in her Cheeks, she with the *Ægis* screened them, that her Confusion might not be perceived.

When provoking Gibes are over, and calm, dispassionate Judgment re-assumes his impartial Tribunal, it will in most Circumstances, as in this before us, appear, that MOMUS and his Worshipers subsist on Falsities.

Let the Discussion of the Case in Point suffice for the present.

Is it to be imagined, that if what is here glanced at were true, that Mortals  
so

so naturally curious to enquire after, so generally successful to find out, and so indefatigably zealous to publish the Failings of others, would have ever worshipped PALLAS under the glorious Titles they have honoured her with? It is then doubtless a palpable Fraud, a malicious Invention of the sarcastic God, who delights to rail at, and blacken Virtue. It could never be, that the sage, the prudent, the discreet, the decent, the ———, &c. PALLAS should have so forgot her Consequence, as in a *Tete a Tete* with a young Shepherd, a handsome young Fellow too, and of Royal Blood, to unlace her Reputation on the Top of a Hill, Nobody within Call to assist her.—*If*—? It is preposterous even to think, nay to dream such an Absurdity, the Fallacy of the vile *Innuendo* is manifest.

Moreover *Wisdom* is not venal nor interested, is uncomeatable for any Price, because within herself she finds the only

Reward she desires. The Splendor of Riches cannot dazzle, nor the Charms of Beauty seduce her; the Object, the End of all her Actions being *Virtue*: wherefore she never deviates, nor makes even a *faux Pas* from her Paths; but piously practices her several Duties, and preserves her Heart as it were in an Ice-House of Chastity.

A Truce to moral Reflexions since the Gods have interrupted their rude Laughter, on perceiving another Goddess hastening to pay her Visit.



C H A P.





## C H A P. VII.

MODESTY'S *Joy at DIANA's Visit.*

**L**OOK, yonder comes posting along the chaste and swift-footed **DIANA**, preceded by her favourite Nymphs, that lightly trip over the Plains of *Olympus*, singing Hymns of Praise to their Protectress. The Deities thus greet her, "Hail, lovely Sister of the God of Day."

Her airy Garb was tinged in the precious Blood of the purple-yielding Fish; her Hair flowed loosely down her Shoulders, and was unaffectedly tied behind; she carries an Ebony Bow in her Hand; her Quiver was filled with Arrows always sure of their Mark, from her unerring Aim.

C 4

Though

Though descended from Gods, and not unacquainted with heavenly Pomp, yet to those who see her now, she seems as if this were her first Appearance in so august an Assembly. So respectfully does she decline her Eyes, and shun all Opportunities of drawing Homage to her Beauties, which would throw her into the utmost Confusion. By her Reservedness and Diffidence the hidden Sentiments of her Heart might be guessed at. She reddened and grieved inwardly on discovering herself to be the Object of a Crowd of admiring Eyes.

Shady Woods, favourite Retreats of her Bashfulness, how does she regret ye! Now she wishes the distant Pleasures she has so often enjoyed; when winged with their Fears, she pursued the flying Deer up steep Hills, down headlong Vales, and over extended Lawns; where if perchance in the liquid *Mirroure* of a River, Lake or Foun-

Fountain, her reflected Image returned her Beauties on her, she sped instantly away to the next Cave, there to conceal her conscious Blushes.

MODESTY was in a continued Flutter of Joy at DIANA's coming up to her: She strove by a thousand infantine Caresses to express the Happiness she felt in her Presence. In return DIANA embraced her tenderly, and could not restrain her Transports of Joy in contemplating the new born Goddess so conformable to her own uncorrupted Sentiments.

Spiteful MOMUS, was irritated at the good Intelligence and mutual Civilities of the two Goddesses. Thus Detraction is ever provoked by the Harmony of others, and feeds its Nastiness on the Gall of Envy, and Poison of Ill nature.

To the Gods (who expected some Waggyery from their heavenly Jokester) MOMUS thus addressed himself.

C 5

“ Please

“ Please your Divinityships, I can’t dis-  
 “ cover what mighty Reasons DIANA  
 “ has to rejoice for the Birth of MO-  
 “ DESTY. It is notorious that she has  
 “ not been over-nice, nay commonly  
 “ careful, to hide her Beauties when  
 “ going to bathe—— Were ACTÆON  
 “ alive now, and restored here among us  
 “ in his primitive Form, he might be  
 “ prevailed on to give us an Account  
 “ of her Shape, and ——.”

The chaste Goddess stung to the  
 Heart, turned instantly from the Cradle,  
 and thus interrupted him, her Cheeks  
 burning with Rage. “ Learn Buffoon,  
 “ odious as wicked, contemptible as  
 “ without Power to hurt, that the Vir-  
 “ tue of the Female Sex is never stain-  
 “ ed, when without their Knowledge  
 “ they are surprized in such, or like  
 “ Circumstances as that I was in—— If  
 “ Chance or Violence, which but too  
 “ often is the Case, give Advantages to  
 “ your robust Sex, over the weaker, the  
 “ Crime

“ Crime is yours, not ours. When the  
 “ Mind is innocent, the Body is guilt-  
 “ less. From the Actions of the Mind  
 “ alone, ought we to be condemned or  
 “ justified.”

“ If Things were so, and so perchance  
 “ they are, (answered MOMUS with a  
 “ Sneer, perceiving himself applauded  
 “ by the half-smothered Titter of the  
 “ Gods ; who, like Men their imitative  
 “ Sons on Earth, delight in egging on  
 “ Raillery against female Virtue) we  
 “ should have scarce any but virtuous  
 “ Women in the World. Whenever a  
 “ Question, as to the Matter of Fact,  
 “ is put to them, the general Answer is  
 “ —No ! — If we were to credit what  
 “ they say, Things indeed have always  
 “ happened together contrary to their  
 “ *Intention* !

“ But to do your Goddessship’s Chas-  
 “ tity Justice, we cannot but applaud  
 “ the Manner in which you punished



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 “ tity Justice, we cannot but applaud  
 “ the Manner in which you punished

“ the *Peeper's* Temerity, who in future  
 “ Ages is to be punished anew in the  
 “ Person of *peeping TOM* of COVEN-  
 “ TRY. You gave him an umbrageous  
 “ Pair of typical Horns; which have  
 “ indeed been ever since, and will here-  
 “ after always be the Symptoms of the  
 “ retaliating Vengeance of your Sex,  
 “ for my Dislike against ours. To be  
 “ sure, as must be owned, if the impu-  
 “ dent, intruding Fellow had continued  
 “ in his former State, he might have  
 “ blabbed about the naked Things he  
 “ had seen, and busily prattled of *En-*  
 “ *dymion's* Picture, that was in the favou-  
 “ rite Grot adjoining to the Bath. I  
 “ shall say little more on so invidious a  
 “ Subject, and conclude by observing,  
 “ that meddling Scandal may, found-  
 “ ed on the old Maxim, *What has once*  
 “ *happened, may happen again* \*, insinu-  
 ate,

\* Let *MOMUS's* Expression in the polite Assem-  
 bly of Celestials, silence all Cavillers at this Line  
 in the last Birth Day Ode.

“ What

“ ate, that other inquisitive prying Mor-  
 “ tals (note, DIANA, it is *Scandal*  
 “ speaks, not MOMUS) besides the De-  
 “ scendant of CADMUS, by your timely  
 “ and discreet Circumspection, have  
 “ been ACTÆONISED.”

DIANA deeming MOMUS unworthy  
 of a second Reply, and observing the  
 Partiality of many in the Assembly a-  
 gainst her, defeated him and them by a  
 Smile of Contempt, and well judged Si-  
 lence. In so doing she acted prudently.  
*Virtue* loses in all Altercations with *Ca-*  
*lummy*, and therefore ought to prefer Si-  
 lence to Debate; while cheered, and  
 strengthened by a conscious Purity of  
 Heart, she leaves the Tenor of her Ac-  
 tions to plead her Justification.

## C H A P.

“ *What once has been, again may be.*”

It descends from Heaven, and Poetry is the  
 Language of the Gods.



## C H A P. VIII.

*The DEITIES return from visiting MO-  
DESTY, who, when grown up, is  
introduced to JUPITER's Court ; but  
is universally disliked.*

**T**HE Time allotted for Visitation over, the Gods and Goddesſes retired to their reſpective Abodes. MO-DESTY was committed to the tender Tu-tion of her Mother HEBE, who educated her with all imaginable Care. As ſhe roſe in Stature, ſo ſhe encreaſed in Beauty. Every Day unfolded new Graces, nay every Hour diſcloſed ſuch Dawnings of a moſt amiably-diſpoſed Mind, that ſhe was admired, loved and honoured by all who knew her.

When ſhe was of Age to appear at  
JUPITER's Levée, her Mother HEBE  
in-



introduced her at the Thunderer's brilliant Palace, in order to shew and accustom her early to the Grandees and Manners of *Olympus*.

Most of them behaved but coolly polite, barely civil, at her being presented to them. They were (unaccountably to themselves) awe-struck by her.

No Person sure was ever so unfit for that great Scene of Action, as undisguised MODESTY, who with an ingenuous Simplicity delivered her Sentiments against every Thing she saw offensive to her.

The jolly Gods, who had hitherto lived in uncontrouled Luxury, began to grow weary of MODESTY's reproachful Presence; which lowered on them as a censorial Enquiry into the voluptuous Manner of prostituting their Time. Such is the Nature of the disused from *Virtue*,  
and

and immerfed in *Vice*, that they carefully remove from before their Eyes every Thing that may awaken any Remembrance, or even Idea of the former.

In all their Meetings the undiffembling Gods loudly pronounced their Diflike to MODESTY, in her and her Mother's Hearing, and in Terms to this Purpose: " That, Particularity was ever ridiculous; that her young Goddess-ship was an unexperienced, wild, unfociable Being, moft pedantically educated, and would forfooth introduce among her Elders and Betters in Heaven, Manners austere, exotic, barbarous, unknown, till then; nay not fo much as dreamt of by any of them, before her Sillinefs was born."

Strange to tell, but true it is; the Frenzy of the Celestials was fo outrageous,

geous, that many of them rather than dwell in Heaven with MODESTY, thence voluntarily banished themselves to enjoy elsewhere their brutal Pleasures unrestrained.



CHAP.



## C H A P. IX.

*Some of the Deities quit Heaven, rather  
than live there with MODESTY.*

**B**ACCHUS then, and ever since foremost on the List of MODESTY's Foes, took the Lead, having previously intoxicated himself with drinking Bumpers of *Nectar* to the Confusion and total Overthrow of MODESTY, and all her Adherents. In which Toast he was piously echoed, by old Carbuncle-faced SILENUS nodding on an Ass, and his brim-full, swearing *Bacchanalians*. They planned their Pilgrimage to Mount *Tmolus*, whose Wines they all agreed were delicious, gave three Rounds of Huzzas in Honour of their drunken God, and tumultuously decamped.

MERCURY could not stand the Test, Impudence, Pimping, and Theft, being  
his

his Talents ; so down he sneaked to the great public Roads on Earth : not so much for the Sake of indulging himself with the Incense which Travellers offer to him at the Meeting of four Roads, as in the Variety of Shapes he assumes to ease them of what he deems superfluous Incumbrances ; which friendly and god-like Practice is kept up by his mortal Descendants, who are often exalted among us under the dignified Apellation of “ Collectors of the High Way.”

APOLLO, doubly a Liar, as Poet and Oracle, knowing that from the inviolable Attachment between MODESTY and TRUTH, there was no bidding for him where they had any Influence, stole away to *Jugglers-Hall*, the Temple of *Delphos*. There he choused silly Mortals of great Sums of Money, by pretending to foretel future Events, he knew Nothing of ; nor, if wise, should they desire to know ; which Fate, superior



rior to those secondary Gods, keeps impenetrably secret, for the universal Good.

VENUS, tho' conscious that any Semblance to, nay the slightest Air of MODESTY has been of great Service to her and her Votaries on many Occasions; yet dreaded any Thing like the *Reality*; which must inevitably put an End to her Worship, and their Fortunes. Therefore, to shun any Manner of Encrumbment, hastily mounted into her silver Chariot, in which, drawn by harnessed Doves, she fled away to fan her Passions with the buxom Zephyrs of the Isle of *Paphos*.

CUPID, weeping with Despair and Confusion, pursuant to his Mother's Advice, flew to the Isle of *Lemnos*. He for some Time flitted round the flaming Furnaces where VULCAN and his *Cyclops* fabricate immortal Works. The deep-fetched Groans of the little God resound through the immense Caverns. The affrighted,

frighted, one-eyed, and gigantic Brethren, let fall their ponderous Hammers, and stare Amazement on each other.

Mad with Indignation and Rage, he breaks what he had lately experienced his ineffectual Arrows, calls haughtily to VULCAN for others in their Place, that should deal Anguish and Despair to every Heart they pierce. For Credentials of his Demand, he delivers a Billet-doux from his beautiful, delicious and enchanting Mother, to the gruff, smoky, Anvil-beating God ; which contained a Promise of Kindness at their first Rencontre. VULCAN, well pleased, horribly grinned a Smile, and immediately executed the imperious Urchin's Request.

Scarce had the petty Tyrant received the new-made Weapons, when he thrice dipt their fatal Points in Gall and Blood. That done, he sheathed them in his Quiver.

Triumphing

Triumphing before-hand, in the future Effects of his newly acquired Instruments of Havock, he rises, and departs on exulting Wings from *Lemnos*; but swears eternal Hostilities against the Peace of MODESTY.



CHAP.



## C H A P. X.

JUPITER *banishes* MODESTY *from*  
H E A V E N.

I N the mean Time JUPITER became very uneasy at the Thinness of his Levées, by the general Dispersion of the Gods. He knew very well, that MODESTY's being about Court, was the Cause of their Desertion. Nay he felt the same Dislike the departed Gods did against this young and troublesome Stranger. He repented his having consented to the Birth of this Goddess. For since her being admitted to his Presence, TRUTH's importuning Rays continually harassed his Reason, in Despite of his boasted Omnipotence.

In vain did he strive to escape her Solicitations, by shifting into different  
Forms,

Forms, she knew him thro' every Dis-  
guise. In vain did he envelop himself in  
the darkest Cloud he could borrow from  
his Cousin NIGHT, TRUTH's pervading  
Rays formed a Lustre round him; by  
whose lively Reflexion his criminal At-  
tachments were made to glare on him in  
the strongest Light.

Desperate Diseases require desperate  
Cures; therefore JUPITER no longer a-  
ble to endure the Persecution of a Virtue  
so diametrically opposite to his vicious  
Inclinations, resolved to banish her.

He dispatched one of his Heralds to  
summon her to appear forthwith before  
him, seated on his Gold, and Ivory  
Throne.

The Articles of Impeachment were,  
1. Her being disaffected to his State;  
2. Her being a public Nuisance; 3. That  
on her Account several Deities had re-  
moved from *Olympus*, and left it almost  
a Solitude.

From



From these Premises it was concluded, that her immediate Absence was requisite for the Quiet of Heaven, and recalling thither the refugeed Divinities. Therefore JUPITER, upon mature Deliberation, banished her to go, and introduce her new fangled Doctrines among inferior Mortals, and try how they might succeed there. As He pronounced the Sentence, He shook his Locks, Heaven trembled ; and perhaps my Readers are astonished.

What can Innocence do against Power? Therefore the young Goddess submissively obeyed the severe Decree, and was cheered at the Thought of quitting defiled *Olympus* ; that thereby she should be freed from the frequent Necessity of meeting Vice, and the many affrontful Shocks she suffered from such disagreeable Encounters.

D

C H A P.



## C H A P. XI.

*MODESTY's Arrival upon Earth.*

**M**ODESTY is now arrived on Earth, and obliged to seek among Mortals those Virtues the Gods, whom they adore, had long since disclaimed.

She made choice of the tender Sex as the peculiar Objects of her Care, and even among them gave the Preference of Cohabitation to young Maids, to which she was induced by the Congeniality of their States, as well as by their greater Susceptibility of, and readier Obedience to Instruction, than is met with in those of riper Years. She also hoped that, sequestered from those of the high Rank she was degraded from, and Vice their Darling, she should among  
in-

innocent Nymphs enjoy all the Sweets of undebauched Tranquility.

The Beginning of her Exile was not disagreeable to her; she found our World in a State of universal Peace and Amity.

Equality of Conditions, kind Distributives of unenvied Happiness, supported the triple, and undivided Reign of Justice, Candour, and Integrity.

Men did not as yet know the dishonourable Arts of cheating each other; and if they had, they would blush at the most distant Thoughts of putting them in Practice.

Truth flowed from their Lips, as naturally as the Breath they exhaled. Their innate Virtue had as yet defended them from the baneful Influence of vicious Customs, and powerful Contagion of bad Example.

The Crowd of tumultuous Passions that now tyrannize ; and seductive Habitudes long since demi-natured to the Sex, had not as yet invaded Maiden Hearts.

The Loss of primitive Innocence among Men was not as yet attributed to the too fatal Charms of Woman ; who was looked upon by her Admirers, as a Present from Heaven to alleviate the Labours of Life, and protract in a Manner its Duration, in a smiling Progeny : begot by us, not through any Necessity imposed ; but an Attachment sprung from a mutual Liking, and emulous Complacency.



## C H A P. XII.

*CUPID begins his Hostilities against MODESTY in the Hearts of young Maids.*

**C**UPID, impatient to be revenged on MODESTY, let her enjoy the Bliss of her new Asylum but for a very short Time.

He did not begin the Attack in Person, lest his Presence should terrify too much Hearts, as yet unweaned from Virtue. He employed Plenty and Prodigality for his Harbingers ; to their Beck are subservient all Vice-engendering Pleasures. They kindled in the Sex the latent Sparks of Self-love and Vanity. Hence sprang the fatal Desire “ to see, “ and to be seen,” which is the first Rock Female Virtue splits on.

D 3

The



The next is the Study of Dress, and enhancing their Beauty ; which too generally constitute the entire Merit of the Sex. Their Hearts become a Prey to ensnaring Appearances ; each of them bedecked her Person with studied Allurements, that wanton Desires, and not the true Secret of pleasing, inspired them with. Vain Ornaments of Dress, ridiculous Affectation in Manners ; in short every Device was employed in order to succeed.

MODESTY was no longer listened to by the fair Apostates, and the most valuable of Nature's Gifts was blotted out of the List of Necessaries for a Lady's Toilet.

Male Lovers became a particular Species of Man. They had Maxims and a Worship peculiar to themselves ; a Worship the more dangerous for Incocence, as there are no Laws to discountenance the Profession of it : And that every  
Member

Member of it is allowed once in his Life at least to make unto himself a Deity after his own Heart, and to recant from it, as soon after as he pleases.

How great was the Affliction of *MODESTY* when she observed in the young Maids, whose Hearts she was forming, so strong a Propensity to stray into the Paths of Error. There is no expressing her Anguish when she found their young Minds so fertile in Resources to palliate *Vice*, but not one to plead in the Behalf of *Virtue*; which, instead of loving, they now began to shun.

All that she could, she did, to put a stop to the growing Disorder. She employed Diffidence and Precaution to defend her youthful Charge. To effect her Design she frequently drew before their young Minds the most terrifying Pictures of the dire Effects of Love; but in vain.

Her final Resource was to call Reason to the Assistance of those who had swerved from the Road of Virtue. *Reason's* preliminary Articles to the *Heart* were, 1. To refuse all private Meetings; 2. To shun dangerous Opportunity. But the biased *Heart*, instead of inclining to *Reason*, abetted her Enemy.

M O D E S T Y repeatedly defeated in herself and Allies, chagrined, disconcerted, and despairing, for the last Effort of her hitherto baffled Friendship mantled in their Faces in the purest Crimson of their Blood, to make her Presence respected.

But alas! she saw the dreaded Moment when she was not only suffered to be besieged, but treacherously yielded by her renegade Hostess, a shameful Sacrifice to the licentious Desires of rash, and inconsiderate Youth.

C H A P.



## C H A P. XIII.

*MODESTY retreats into the Hearts of married Women; but is thence also expelled by the Machinations of CUPID.*

**A**FTER so gross an Affront *MODESTY* could be no longer enshrined in Temples profaned; the prostituted Hearts of Maids, that had so infamously dishonoured her Altars: she departed thence with Eyes closed, determined never to look back upon them.

The Difficulty now was, where to find a Refuge she might live with Safety in. She was generally shunned in the Heavens above, and on the Earth below, for the Purity of her Manners; which were so scrupulously nice, that she could not help feeling some Reluctance to as-

first at the legitimate Rites of Matrimony.

This caused her (on her first Arrival here below) not to be made so much of by the married Women, as one would naturally have expected; nor indeed was she on her Side very desirous of cultivating an Intimacy with them.

Outed from the Hearts of Maids, and compelled by inflexible Necessity (to which the Gods themselves must yield) to live upon Earth; she even condescended to take up with, and *in*, in the Hearts of married Women: there determined to lock herself up from the insolent Attacks of her itinerant Foes, who were in Pursuit of her every where.

She had not been long in her new Lodgment before she understood that her unrelenting Antagonist CUPID was on his March to beat up her Quarters, and



and force her from the Entrenchments of  
her badly accommodated Fortifications.

What aggravated this disagreeable News to MODESTY, was her having at the same Time reconnoitred that the lawful Pleasures married Women are not only entitled to, but in full Possession of, instead of restraining from Temptations of Lubricity, but rather whet them with keen Desires of making new Experiments.

If driven from her present Habitation, indifferent as it was, she scarce knew where after to hope for Shelter. She consequently resolved to make Head against all intervening Obstacles, all indignant Adversities. She bustled a great deal in Hopes of inspiring them with the laudable Desire of the married State's primitive Innocence; under whose golden Reign Society was happy. She likewise reproached them for betraying the Confidence their Husbands had in

D 6

them.

them. For Incitements to the former, and Discouragements from the latter, she pointed out to them, but at a great Distance indeed, the pleasurable Paths of Virtue.

Some replied they were near-sighted, and could not see so far. Others complained of the Lowness of MODESTY'S Voice, and their own Hardness of hearing, which hindered their understanding what she would be at. In a Word, she laboured to no purpose. Not one among them but had an Excuse ready for her Justification.

These alledged that their Hearts had been set up by their Friends as a public Sale, to the highest bidder; that Marriage, by Broker-Law-Makers was degenerated into a scandalous Traffic, and was no longer the Band of sympathising Hearts.

Those

Those raving at Sight of the aged Wrinkles of their Husbands, incessantly exclaimed against the Disparity of their Years; asserted, that they had a Right to punish the superannuated Insolvents; and make them expiate the Crime of their having come into the World so long before their Wives.

Many declared that they listened to their Galants with no other View than that of retaliating to their faithless, and inconstant Husbands. But answer me, spirited and mettled Ladies, can committing a Fault of the same Nature, tho' by Way of Reprisal, vouch for your Innocence? — It is believed not.

A great Number having no particular Pretext to palliate their Irregularities with, threw the Blame entirely from themselves, on the malignant Influence of their Stars. It is strange those wicked Stars will not cease meddling in the Affairs of poor helpless Women; as if  
there

there were not sublunary Engines enow, and but too prompt to batter and undermine the most solid Foundations of their Virtue.

The remaining Part offered some Excuse or other to diminish their Crimes, or rather Failings, perhaps meer Slips of Frailty. So implanted is the original Regard for Virtue in every Heart, that it is never thence so entirely defaced, but that it is thought incumbent to find out some Reason, true or false, to justify not only to others, but to one's self, the Motives for having deserted from her.

What could MODESTY do in such a deplorable Situation? She sighed, she groaned, she inveighed against the insatiable Cruelty of persecuting CUPID, who refused her any Interval of Quiet in her pitiable Exile.

She confessed indeed, that among the great Number of Women, whose Hearts  
she

she had examined, she hit on a few that, in Strictness, had been faithful to their Husbands. But they were, she added, of a cold Habit of Body, and uncommunicative Constitution. Their ostentatious Boasts of a clear Conscience were extremely troublesome to all who lived with them; and they made such a Clutter about their insulting Chastity, that they lived in perpetual Jars and Variance with their Husbands \*.

Such Characters are disagreeable to MODESTY, who is naturally sweet-tempered, submissive, patient, and could not sojourn with any Satisfaction in Places where she was liable to the frequent Return of Hurricanes of meer machinal Chastity.

Deep-

\* Whether our LAUREAT has ever heard of this MS or not, I can't say; but can assert that he has drawn an admirable Character of this Sort, in his excellent Comedy, **THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.**



Deeply affected by the sad Experiments she had made, she disclaimed any farther Commerce with married Women ; Shame reddening over her Face, and Tears streaming from her Eyes on Account of their unpardonable and incorrigible Follies.



C H A P.



## C H A P. XIV.

MODESTY's *Protest, Vow, and Repen-*  
*tance.*

**R**etired to an Eminence remote from human Society, to indulge her Sorrows, MODESTY broke out, and made the following *Protest*.

“ Since the Gods in Confederacy to  
 “ work my Ruin, are not satisfied in  
 “ having condemned me to Banishment  
 “ on Earth, but have also stirred up the  
 “ audacious Sons of Man to affront me  
 “ on every Occasion, and have defeated  
 “ all my charitable Intents to hold up  
 “ the weak Sex from falling, and to  
 “ make them walk strait in the Ways I  
 “ had marked out to them. But since  
 “ the Event has disappointed me, I  
 “ swear by Thee, abhorred STYX, that in  
 “ thy

" thy foul Bosom rollest Fatality and  
 " Darknefs, I never will return to  
 " the polluted Hearts I have been ba-  
 " nished from.

" In vain shall Men seek for me in  
 " Woman-kind. Placed out of the  
 " Reach of their lewd Pursuits they  
 " never more shall see me, nor im-  
 " late my Innocence to their Brutality.  
 " Never more by heightening Resistan-  
 " ces, inciting Denials, and kind De-  
 " lays, will I give a new Zest to *Love*,  
 " which henceforward forsaken by me  
 " shall dwindle into Qualms, Insipidi-  
 " ty, and Loathing. 'Tis thus, O  
 " dreaded STRYX, I mean by an absolute  
 " Divorce from the weak, hence forward  
 " to be weaker, Sex, to revenge me on  
 " CUPID, for his cruel Persecutions.

" Ah me! what universal Disorder!  
 " How the Torrent of Vice bears down  
 " Man's fallen Race! Future Ages not  
 " to be outdone in Infamy by the pre-  
 " ceding,

“ ceding, emulously refine upon every  
“ Debauchery, and improve on every  
“ Corruption of Manners transmitted to  
“ them.

“ The Women wearing but a  
“ meer Outside, a slight Gauze of me,  
“ (faint Remembrance) shall think no-  
“ thing frightful in Vice but the Diffi-  
“ culty of masking, and concealing it.  
“ What little Shew of Decency may  
“ chance to appear among them, shall  
“ not proceed from a Love of *Virtue*,  
“ but merely the Shame that follows  
“ Vice, when made public; for which  
“ critical Accidents they will be taught  
“ the Art of blushing. All which fe-  
“ male Finesse will be but an equivocal  
“ Sign for Men to add any Faith to,  
“ much less to rely on.

“ For my Part, since irrevocably  
“ doomed to live upon Earth, *I vow*,  
“ from this Hour, to fix my Residence  
“ in the Virgin Hearts of new-born In-  
“ fants,

“fants, and there to remain until they  
 “attain the Age of twelve Years;  
 “there sure I shall never be in Danger  
 “from the shocking Impertinences I  
 “have met with in those of riper  
 “Years”.

Having finished, she hasted from the  
 Eminence to take Possession of the Hearts  
 of female Infants in the Cradle. She  
 had for many Years religiously kept her  
*Vow*, and never quitted them before the  
 Age of Twelve.

But the World advancing in Years, and  
 in Malice, she has since discovered, that  
 in some even that tender Age is but an  
 uncertain Insurance, and that often the  
 premature Wantonness of the Sex will  
 not wait for that Period.

Hence MODESTY has been frequently  
 alarmed by unexpected Attempts before  
 the stipulated Time of Separation: and  
 what is still more incredible, she some-  
 times receives Notice to abdicate her  
 Power



Power before the Term, in order that an unnatural Usurper may be received in her Place.

She constantly *repents* the Rashness of her *Vow*, that binds her to cohabit with the Generality of the Sex so long as *twelve Years* \*.

Since it is so difficult to ascertain the Term of MODESTY's Duration in the fair, to what enigmatic Period shall we annex it for the superior Sex, that boasts its Fortitude ; to whose upright Importunities, and moral Intentions, most of the Trespasses of the former against MODESTY ought to be attributed.

How far both have renounced her Standard, will be evinced from their favourable Intercourse in the SEQUEL.

\* This only bears hard on the *Athenian* Misses of old ; some of whom were naught before this Time of Life : Besides, the natural Virtue of our Climate, the Regularity of our Boarding-Schools, and the Morality of *French* Governantes, preserve all our young Misses' Minds untainted. — Heaven knows how long !

THE.



THE  
R E I G N  
O F  
P L E A S U R E.

*Æneadum Genitrix, Hominum, Divûmque Voluptas  
Alma VENUS, &c.*

LUCRET.

Hail blissful Parent of the Julian Line,  
VENUS by Men adored, by Gods revered.



L O N D O N:

MDCCLVII.

R. H. I. O. N.

P. L. E. A. C. E.

THE  
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BY

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A. D. V. O. N.

IN




THE  
R E I G N  
O F  
P L E A S U R E.



C H A P. I.

*An Invocation to PLEASURE by debauched Society, personified.*

 PLEASURE! supreme Divinity of Men and Gods, whom no Power can withstand, nor Reason oppose, thou knowest with what Fervour my Heart adores, and the Sacrifices it has made to thee, permit me to be an humble Sharer in



thy Panegyric; for I should think myself unworthy to approach thy Shrine, if I omitted any Occasion of basking in thy Presence; or if I ever ceased to review in Thought (pleasing Remembrance) the many Favours I am indebted for. To declare myself but grateful, would be almost criminal. Some nobler Tribute must be paid; a devout Effusion of the happy Sentiments I have been blessed with.

Goddeſs of ſuperior Souls, enchanting Pleaſure, O never let thy elegant Pencil be degraded to paint low, brutal Luſt, or unlicensed Appetites, Nature turns abhorrent from; but glowing with the exquisite Paſſions inſpired by CYTHEREA'S Son, let it paint them with Tranſport. O may that impetuous active Deity hurl defeated Reaſon from her Throne; or, if in rapturedly intoxicated Minds, any ſtraggling Rays of her remain, let them be intimately tinctured with, and thereby add new Brilliancy to Pleaſure.

Cold

Cold Philosophy be dumb, and listen to my Precepts, for I feel the Approaches of the voluptuous Power I adore.

Vile Hackneyed Prostitutes dare not to defile my Imagination, that, unfullied, it may pursue its Task. *Pandora's* Box did not let loose among Mankind so many Evils, as they are infected with from your obscene Embraces. Without Sentiment there can be no Pleasure; and in Proportion as that has been refined, this rises in Delicacy. Harlots, the more you market down your venal Beauty, the more you offend and are disclaimed by Love. Connect with Satyrs, whose gross Desires you are fitted for. May all Men so depraved as to find Pleasure with you, never know worthier Objects; unworthy yourselves of any Heart endowed with Feeling. In vain do you attack me with solliciting Eyes, in vain display your street-walking Charms manipulated by Thousands. Learn from me, abandoned Courtezans, that the Body's Sen-

ses, however exquisite, are but gross Mediums, through which congenial Souls unite. This Truth hast thou often experienced, thrice happy NINON, throughout a Life of tasteful Bliss: transcendent Mistress in the Art of true Enjoyment, for ever shalt thou flourish foremost in the Façts of Love, and *Cleopatra's* Self shall yield Precedency to thee.

Daughters of Prudery and Affectation, who seem abashed and feign Alarms at any Warmth of Expression, keep far from our sacred Rites; PLEASURE desires not your Acquaintance, though well informed, that in your Deshabille you are not so austere. But, above all, profane not the Precincts of our Temple, Female Devotees, without the Shadow of any Virtue to apologize for your manifold Vices.

But O, ye fair ones, who chuse Reason for your Guide to love, I fear not  
your

your Disapprobation to my Defence of a Cause, in whose Service cultivated Reason militates, not by the weak Means of Style, but by Sentiments worthy of Immortals. If to your refined and delicate Manner of thinking my Picture should appear short of the Original, favour me with a kind Look, from whose creative Energy, every Defect shall be instantly supplied; and all-subduing Love, so proud to have formed you, that he incessantly admires himself in the most beautiful of his Works, will pour through my Pencil in glowing Tints, that Tenderness and Bliss, for whose Residence he has consecrated your Hearts.

I scorn the beaten Tracks of quaint or stilted Wits; for to imitate those servile Followers of tame Originals, would extinguish every warm and voluptuous Idea. Too great an Anxiety of Art degenerates into glittering Trifles, which sound Judgment condemns; or a frigid Correctness, which Genius despises, and



PLEASURE detests. Innate Sentiment, undebauched by Fashion, is my only Claim to Wit. So the Fire that kindles me prove worthy of the inspiring God, let the Passions riot in my Work, and the whole present a beautiful Disorder.

August Divinity, that hast protected the immortal Poetry of *Lucretius*, assist and invigorate me the humblest, though not the least zealous of thy Votaries. Ye active Spirits, that flow freely through my Veins, convey into my Colours that enrapturing Joy, which by your Ministry always revels in my Heart.

Ye famed Interpreters of PLEASURE, to whom the Graces and Love are bound in eternal Gratitude, whatever may have been your Class, the sublime, the tender, or the unaffectedly ingenuous, suffer me to come in for a Share; however small; and if unequal to overtake you in the delightful Task, spare me a guiding Beam of that Light, by which  
you



you steered : as Comets leave after them  
a fiery Trail that marks their Way.

But why apply so far, when ye alone  
are sufficient to inspire me, ye spoiled  
Children, ye Pets of Nature, and of *Love*,  
formed by this God with peculiar Care,  
that ye might execute Projects worthy  
of him ; and that constitute the Happi-  
ness of human Kind. Warm me with a  
kindred Genius; open to me the Sanctu-  
ary of Nature illuminated by Love: be-  
come a new, but a more happy PROME-  
THEUS, I from thence will steal the sa-  
cred Fire of PLEASURE, and inextin-  
guishably fix it in my Heart, as in its  
Temple. Then EPICURUS shall appear  
anew, and such, as he ought, to reign in  
every Heart.

O Nature, O Love, may I be able to  
infuse into the Panegyric of your Charms  
all those Transports I have felt in the Fa-  
vours granted me.



## C H A P. II.

*The Courtship of PHYLLIS.*

COME PHYLLIS, let us go down to yonder silent Vale, all Nature is asleep, we only wake ; let us sit under those Trees, where no other Noise is heard, but the gentle Rustling of their Leaves, which the enamoured Zephyr by caressing agitates. Lo, they seem to meet, and close one with the other. Ah ! PHYLLIS, is it not Love's Signal for us to do so too ?

Say, charming Nymph, if you feel not tender Emotions, and a delicious Languishing unknown before ? Yes, I already see the kind Impression of this mysterious Retreat on my beloved. The sparkling Gaiety of your Eyes is changed to a melting Softness ; as the Pulse moves  
nimble,

nimbler, the beauteous Bosom heaves,  
and your unpracticed Heart feels the Alarms of Love.

Let not those kind Emotions, nor the tender Sentiments they cause, affright you,  
PHYLLIS. I will explain them to you.

Your Virtue startles at its having been surprized, and that Modesty which causes your Anxiety, enhances your Beauty. For while your Pride refuses, your Heart pleads in the Behalf of Love.

Your Resistance is in vain. We must all follow our Destiny. To compleat your Happiness, there is wanting yet, but Love. Will you then deny yourself what encreases by having a Sharer in it? Sooner or later you will be caught by some of those very Snares, you undesignedly spread abroad for our Sex.

Could you form to yourself even but a faint Idea of the Raptures enjoyed by mutually enamoured Hearts, you would pray back from JUPITER all those tedious Hours, those irksome Voids of Life, that have sluggishly limped away, undignified by Love.

When a fair one has consented to make, and to be happy, existing but for him, whose Life is hers, sweet Reluctances are not sometimes amiss; they provoke to amorous Thefts, that awaken Fondness, which sighs to be subdued by tender Violence; whilst Eyes confused amongst a World of kindling Charms, are dumb Petitioners for what the Tongue refuses. Thrice happy Pair! when the approved Lover is by virtuous Honour crowned with Myrtle. How blissful the Moments when Reason gives Place to the Language of Hearts. When our—  
but dear PHYLLIS, Expression is Bank-  
rupt

rupt from the Instant it would paint  
such Joys. Amiable Tenderness! melt-  
ing Extasies! If the Heart can't con-  
ceive, vain is the Mind's Attempt to de-  
scribe you.

Ha!—You sigh, my Charmer, you  
feel the Preludes of Fondness. Love,  
how adorable is thy Power! If a weak  
Picture of thee excite Desires, what must  
thy energetic Presence do!

In the sweet Spring of Life, PHYLLIS,  
enjoy your Charms. To be beautiful  
but for one's Self, is to have been born  
a Torment for Mankind.

Be not afraid of Love, nor of the Lo-  
ver, once avowed Mistress of my Heart,  
there you shall for ever reign. Virtue  
is the best Guaranty for the Conquests  
of Beauty.

I love in the old ingenuous Way, be-  
fore the Arts of sighing and making  
Vows



Vows were invented. Love never valued himself for Riches. All that he has, he gives, a Heart; and tender as thine, O PHYLLIS. Why keep our's longer separate? Let us by uniting taste Love's Treasure.



CHAP.



## C H A P. III.

*A young Shepherd and Shepherdess in the  
State of Nature.*

**B**EHOLD in what Harmony those two Infants of different Sexes live. How happy shall they be hereafter. Love has never had in his Retinue two more affectionate, nor more faithful Servitors than they shall prove. Free from all Prejudices of Education, they shall mutually love, guided by the Dictates of Instinct, superior to those of Reason, they shall indulge Nature's kind Inclinations; which are innocent of Guilt, because irresistible.

Behold this sprightly Boy, who, without perceiving it, is already more than Man. What electric Fire shoots thro' his Veins! He sees Things in another  
Light.

Light. With the general Revolution of his Frame, his Taste is altered, and the Objects of his Passion are changed with his Voice. Why does he now despise what was his Amusement before? Enjoying as it were a new Being, he is all Amazement, feels and desires he knows not what. He conjectures there is a Faculty to become happy from the Desire he has of being so. The Hurry and Confusion of his Desires form a Kind of Veil, that now conceals from him his future Happiness. Despair not, young Shepherd, Love will dissipate the present Chaos; nor shall you be long a Stranger to those Pleasures you unknowingly sigh for. Nature will instruct you by frequent Representations of them; you'll meet Precepts to love in almost every Object.

What Reflections shall arise from such Sight? How curiously inquisitive will they be on every Article. Love, their Prompter, one instructs the other.

The

The Shepherdess's Bosom bears the budding Marks of beautiful Distinction from the Shepherd's; and as she breathes they alternately rise and fall; thus they solicit; and swoln with Indignation at their Confinement, want to emancipate themselves from MODESTY's Impediments into the Arms of their beloved. Innocent Desires, tender Disquietudes are by them displayed without any Disguise of Art. No Sentiment is concealed, for they are all new, and too impetuous to bear Restraint.

A more considerable Difference is yet to be discovered. Look with Transport on yon vermillioned Rose, which too happy HYMEN *sometimes* receiveth from the Hands of Love. It has scarcely blossomed when it wishes to be gathered. Delicious Flower, thy Leaves are covered with an Ermine; in whose Intricacies a thousand little Loves inhabit, and by whose kind Interposition, all smarting Consequences are prevented.

Re-

Recovered from his first Amazement at its Beauty, the Shepherd dwells on it with devouring Eyes. How great his Extacy, whether he touches a Part, surveys the whole, or examines in Detail. The amorous *Ætna* in his Heart blazes through his Eyes.

The Shepherdess is become for the first Time curious to know her other Excellencies, besides those of her bewitching Face ; which in a clear Stream she had already often seen ; but never before was that Mirrour honoured with the Reflection of those secret Charms she now contemplates.

Nor is she less surprized at *DAPHNIS*' distinctive Criterions from her. How she gazes on the surprising Difference ! She is all in a Tremor as she touches or caresses, without knowing the Services it is designed for ; or why her Heart beats so tumultuously, that she is quite confu-  
sed.



fed. But, awaking from a Kind of Delirium, a Ray of Light, detached from MODESTY, glances on her Eyes, and alarms her Heart; she turns from the Monster with Aversion, exclaiming, " No, no, it never can—it never shall be." Alas, poor Girl, you know not yet the subduing Power of CUPID.

No guilty Idea was excited by those amorous Researches, they were pursued by young Hearts; the Purity of whose natural Affections had not as yet been poisoned by Repentance. Happy young ones! who would not desire to be like you, you will soon know other Joys, and not less innocent; for Pleasure never abides in vicious and corrupted Hearts. What Situation is so much to be envied as yours?

C H A P.



## C H A P. IV.

*The Amours of ISMENIAS and ISMENE:*

**I**S not that ISMENIAS determined to bear off the Object of his Desires? The Happiness that sparkles in his Eyes diffuses a Lustre over his Person——But hark, he speaks. How pleased and charmed he looks! “ Shall  
 “ I then possess what my Heart adores?  
 “ I shall enjoy the Fruits of the most  
 “ flattering Victory. Immortal Powers,  
 “ how have I toiled for this Success!  
 “ The Conquest of the World is nothing  
 “ to the Reduction of a Heart like IS-  
 “ MENE’S”.

Now he expatiates on her Charms.  
 “ All other Women indeed have Faces,  
 “ ISMENE alone has a Complexion;  
 “ there can be no Sensibility, no Deli-  
 “ cacy, but in Features like her’s. I  
 know

“ know not from what happy Mixture  
 “ of Colours the Difficulty arises of de-  
 “ ciding, whether there be more Senti-  
 “ ment, or Wit in her Eyes”.

ISMENE, who knew nothing of her  
 Lover's Design, nay had long forbid  
 him so hazardous an Attempt.—Without  
 Hesitation we ought always to remove  
 every Cause of Anxiety from her we a-  
 dore.—Though Love be obeyed through  
 Disobedience to a Mistress, yet as in  
 War, so in his Service, Duty is all, and  
 Danger nothing. The more her Admi-  
 rer dares, the kinder ISMENE grows.—  
 How Love inspires Courage! This Proof  
 of Tenderness will be for ever dear to  
 her; and she will hereafter express a  
 grateful Remembrance of it to ISME-  
 NIAS.

He is misinformed at a little Distance  
 from ISMENE'S Dwelling, that she was  
 already gone out. He can't devise how  
 he could miss her on the Road. Actua-  
 ted

ted by different Thoughts, he knows not what to resolve on. He goes a little Way, returns again, with Looks distracted, and unconscious of what he does. He meets not his ISMENE, and raves lest she should be first at the Rendezvous. Goddess of *Paphos*, what would her Affliction be at not finding ISMENIAS there !

But in the Moment, when least expected, he is better informed ; happy Revolution ! What triumphant Serenity of Countenance succeeds to the Dejection it had been overcast with. He pays devout Thanks to Love, for having looked with Pity on his Sufferings.

He kisses ISMENE's Billet a thousand Times, bedews it with his Tears, flies to her House. Difficulties disappear before enamoured Eyes ; and the Wings of Love soon waft them over any Space.

From

From his Joy, guess what must her's be at hearing him relate his Story. Guess if you can, whose Satisfaction of the two is the more refined. If Pleasure be enhanced from having suffered, ISMENIAS, how I envy you!

At length they see each other; endeavour to speak; but silent through Earnestness, and hurry of embracing, they are an illustrious Proof how inadequate Language is to Sentiment. As soon as they have recovered Speech, good Gods, what Dialogues are theirs! They talk not of the despicable Business of this World, no, they have nobler Objects to think of, after so long and cruel a Separation; they eccho to each other, "I never knew before how much I love". It would be as difficult to render their Discourse here, as the Pleasure they felt; which, without sympathising, and being in the same delicious Situation, is impossible.

Is-



ISMENE, as I well foresaw, can never forget what ISMENIAS has done for her. A splendid Fortune seems too small a Sacrifice; and that nothing less than herself can be a proper Retaliation to a Paramour, whose Wealth consists in Love.

PLEASURE stretches out an inviting Hand to ISMENE, shews her a Chain of Flowers. And can she refuse a young amiable Deity, who aims at nothing but her Felicity?—No; instant Determination is consentaneous with the Advice of Love. How agitated she appears by different Sentiments, and how extraordinary are the Conditions she imposes on her Lover!

“ You must be sensible of what  
 “ Lengths I have gone for you. I can  
 “ no more appear in public; prevailing  
 “ Prejudices forbid it. And if I lose  
 “ you, (but may I perish first) for I then  
 “ can

“ can have no Refuge but in Death—  
 “ I pass over the Articles of Ingratitude,  
 “ Infidelity, Inconstancy, and Con-  
 “ tempt—for if— Heaven knows how  
 “ hereafter, when too late, I may repent  
 “ this my unguarded Proceeding ——  
 “ But what have I to fear? ISMENIAS  
 “ soars above the common Herd of  
 “ Men; his noble Soul can never stoop  
 “ to their vile Practices, nor can Ho-  
 “ nour betray to Tears that Virtue it  
 “ has seduced.

“ I offend you by my idle Talk.  
 “ Thou art the darling Object of my  
 “ Choice, and I am sure of thee; if I  
 “ were not, of what Avail would it be  
 “ to foresee an Unhappiness out of  
 “ my Power to prevent.

“ But yet, however devoted I may be  
 “ to Love, I shall have this Command  
 “ over myself, to allow no farther  
 “ Advances than we have gone; for in  
 “ every Sense——— my Lover you  
 F “ shall

" shall never be. ISMENE has sworn  
 " it by the dreadful STYX".

Afflicted ISMENIAS groans ; cannot  
 conceive why so rigorous a Law should  
 derive from so tender a Heart, and thus  
 breaks out ; " Kind, yet cruel ISMENE,  
 " you say you love me, yet prescribe  
 " Limits".

" I shall suffer most by the Refusal,  
 " (she replies.) A tender Intercourse of  
 " Hearts is the most exalted Bliss ;  
 " what I refuse you in Enjoyment, you  
 " will have amply made up in Senti-  
 " ment ; there is not a Movement of  
 " my Soul but what inclines towards,  
 " nor does a Sigh escape from me but  
 " in Quest of you. Set you no Value,  
 " ISMENIAS, on so much Tendernefs,  
 " nor on a Heart that has never ma-  
 " chinally loved ; but knows how to  
 " heighten those Moments, which other  
 " Women can fill up but with coarse  
 " Enjoyment ?"

Love

Love is eloquent, and ISMENIAS might have displayed all his Rhetoric, boasted his Experience, his Address, have persuaded, nay perhaps convinced;—but this was not the Time, a discreet Retreat was the more eligible. For in such Occurrences, it is better by obeying to dissipate all Apprehensions, than to flagrantly attempt to seduce. It is more prudent to desist from certain Pursuits, when not made in the critical Minute; for a mis-timed Demand may for ever after preclude us from the Hope of any Favour.

ISMENIAS was too great an Adept in the Mysteries of *Paphos*, not to check the Vehemence of his Desires, and behaved with so much Discretion to the Hour of Departure, that she began to relent, and think her Injunction was carried too far.

But Measures are so well taken, that the Conduct of ISMENE cannot fall un-

der any Suspicion of Levity ; even Prejudice is deceived.

Why, ye Powers, such cruel Returns?  
Ought a Heart without Artifice be liable  
to Remorse ? Why do these Tormentors  
persecute ISMENE ? She fears the Consequences  
of a Step too far, and trembles  
at the Thought of being found out. She  
even reproaches herself for the Homage  
paid to a Virtue she fancies she has not.  
How candid, how ingenuous are her Reflections  
on herself. Nay more, she accuses  
herself to have trifled with Prudence,  
and to have deceived both Men, and  
Gods.

“ Hitherto (she says) nothing has  
“ been respected in me but a deceitful  
“ Outside, the Mask of Imposture to  
“ excite an idolatrous Worship ; and  
“ the Part I am now going to play  
“ will be as great an Imposition—I feel  
“ myself unworthy of the Honours I  
“ am to receive. Say, ye Powers, why  
“ a Per-



“ a Person of Birth can act thus incon-  
 “ sistently with itself? And say, O V E-  
 “ NUS, why am I singled out to be a  
 “ Prey to thee, and cruel Remorse?”

Love, while the least Remembrance  
 of Reason disturbs thy Empire, thy Sub-  
 jects must be unhappy. From whence  
 arise ISMENE's Agitations, but that  
 she has not as yet sufficient Cause for  
 them. Her defeated Heart feels not that  
 it hath already yielded, after a long, but  
 vain Resistance.

“ Banish all Fear, beautiful ISMENE,  
 “ Honour and Love are not incompati-  
 “ ble; they co-exist, and give a mu-  
 “ tual Lustre to each other, when war-  
 “ ranted by a tried Faith, unshaken  
 “ Constancy, and inviolable Attach-  
 “ ment, the genuine Criteria of privi-  
 “ leged, and truly noble Souls.

“ Love, when conducted by Pru-  
 “ dence, can never be a Source of Con-

" tempt; for on the Reverse, divine  
 " ISMENE, the fair one, who knows  
 " to love, is so adorable a Phoenix, that  
 " I would raise new Altars to her."

ISMENIAS having appeas'd the Inqui-  
 tudes of his Mistress by repeated Assu-  
 rances, they launch out together; and  
 in the Rapidity of their Thoughts alrea-  
 dy have run from Pole to Pole. Free  
 from all Alarms, Joy succeeds Fear, and  
 Pleasure takes the Place of Joy!

ISMENIAS is in Return allowed all  
 those Familiarities, those petty Equiva-  
 lents for Love, without being the Thing;  
 and are but a starved Representative.  
 Space is confounded by the Velocity of  
 their winged Steeds, that sometimes o-  
 verstraining reach the Goal too soon.  
 If managed Pleasure does not hurry our  
 Hearts into such tumultuous Transports,  
 it cheers them with a more lasting De-  
 light.

" Thy

“ Thy Pleasure (says ISMENIAS to her) is but a Shadow of those enjoyed by perfectly united Hearts.” This is the favourite Text of Lovers, and a just one; it asserts the Right of Love, who halts when alone, is still in Company, but is all Action in a *Tete a Tete*.

ISMENE was pleased to divert the Discourse on the respective Happiness of Men and Women. “ In my Sense (says she) I think the Men enjoy more.” He declared for the Women. Thus one Sex thinks the other the happier.

The interesting Disquisition continued far into the Night, and farther than ISMENIAS desired; who was at length recompensed for Years of Attendance, by enjoying for the first Time, and without Restraint, all the Bliss his Heart could wish for. The happy Union is made, they live and die alternately together.

The more intensely PLEASURE is felt,  
the more ardently we pant for more.

ISMENE, amazed at what had happened, awakes as from a Dream; having at first intended to amuse herself but with the Imagery of PLEASURE; which henceforward she despises as a Pastime only fit for Children.

Equal to all the Fires of Love, which separated she deems too weak, hap what may, she is determined to collect, in order to enhance them. Abating somewhat of her Transport, she sighs, “ No, “ I shall never be fashioned by any other Lover. How excessive must my “ Passion have been, to consent thus to “ thy Disposal!”

Enraptured ISMENIAS, as he soothed her, took all Precautions to move Attendance to her Kindness; so imperceptible and skilful are his Advances, and  
so

so well timed his Storm : she cries for  
Quarter—and capitulates.

What a fertile Cause for Laughter are  
the Resolves of weak Mortals to Love ;  
for under what other Empire can they  
be so happy ?







## C H A P. V.

*The parting Lovers.*

— **W** Hence come those Groans  
 I hear? From yon afflicted  
 Lover—Tears stream from his Eyes—  
 He is going to be cruelly torn from the  
 fair one he admires. Tyrannous Duty  
 commands this young Warrior to pre-  
 cede his Prince to the Army. To-mor-  
 row he must depart, there being no  
 Possibility of any farther Delay; he has  
 but one Night to dedicate to her. Even  
 Love feels for him.

I despair of being able to paint their  
 tender Adieus. As their Joys, so was  
 their Sorrow common. The Tears of  
 Anguish are mixed with those of Plea-  
 sure, which thereby becomes the more  
 affecting. What indeterminate Sighs,  
 what

what tender Regrets, what Heart-fetch'd groans; while at the same Time the ravished Soul is in the highest Transport! How impetuous are the Caresses of these afflicted Lovers! The Delights they taste this Moment, the next to be no more; the Anxiety that so perilous a Separation exposes them to, are all expressed by Pleasure, and absorbed therein; which, as it serves two different Passions, will this Night be doubled, nay multiplied to Excess. Our happy Pair resolves to intoxicate themselves with Love, and take in Draughts sufficient for the Rest of Life. If their Onset is all Fire, their Conflict is inexpressible. Their Senses sink into a balmy Oblivion, whilst their Fancies stray through delicious Scenes.

The Languor that follows common Pleasure, is here prevented by an ingenious Variety of Kindness. Their Souls are now intimately united. PLEASURE leaves no Part of their Frames unpartici-

pant; and not satisfied with the ordinary Issues, effuses itself through every Pore, in order to be more abundantly communicated.

Thus Water bound to wind in Pipes, impatient of a too narrow Escape, bursts its Confinement, and spouts out in an hundred Parts; nor is the Force of Pleasure less irresistible.

How interesting is the Converse of those Lovers! Whether they speak of past Joys, or of Grievs to come; Pleasure is the Conveyancer of their Sentiments, being by Patent the Heart's Intepreter. With what Tendernefs is uttered "*shall I never see you more?*" It kindles them with warm Desires. Love's Congress is renewed! a fond Delirium reigns! they swim in Seas of Bliss!

How determined and equal is the Struggle, no Part is recreant in the Combat,

bat, but all contribute their Share, and press eager to the Charge; which is succeeded by a pleasing Melancholy, that ushers Sleep to close the extatic Scene. There undisturbed let us leave them in the Folds of Love; who would be glad to have them pictured thus, to adorn his Cabinet at *Paphos*.



CHAP.



## C H A P. VI.

*The Sleep, the Dreams, and the Awakening  
of Lovers.*

**W**Hilst the Body sleeps, Imagina-  
tion is commonly awake. Her  
Livery consists of Dreams, by whose  
Means she makes the Lover, though  
sealed up in Sleep, feel Pleasure.

Those lively Representatives of our  
waking Ideas, those excellent Players,  
who frequently act our Passions within  
us, cannot balk their Function, when  
the Stage is cleared, the Curtain raised,  
and every Decoration prepared that can  
invite them to exhibit.

The Criminal in Chains is persecuted  
by cruel Tortures; the Man of Gallantry  
assists



assists at Balls, and all public Diversions. The Cheat is laying Schemes to deceive, and the Coward trembles at visionary Danger. But Innocence is never scared by terrifying Dreams.

See yon Infant in his Cradle, Glass is not smother than his Face; he smiles in Feature; and his placid Brows are the Emblems of Tranquility. His coral Lips swell to invite the accustomed Kisses of his Nurse.

Why should the voluptuous be less happy? He did not yield himself up to Sleep, but was by Sleep invaded in the Embraces of Pleasure. MORPHEUS having drenched him with the Juice of his Poppies, will soon make him form to himself the delightful Situation he has quitted with Reluctance.

Nymph, on whose Bosom your Swain reposes, be cautious not to awake him, and if curious to know the Exploits of sleeping

sleeping Lovers, watch his Motions. Unrivaled, in every Act and Word you will still be his favourite Object. In the Torrent of Tendernefs his Sighs are all for you. If he speak to you, answer him, but softly; do not offer to join Issue, that would awake, let him effect it all.

Figure to yourself the Transports his Soul enjoys, and at the same Time remember that the Imagination of the Sleeping is more picturesque than that of those who wake. Consider in what a divine Light you appear to him. Enjoy in a serene and unconstrained Reflection his Sweep of Bliss; nor dare disturb, but rather yield yourself to the Sweets of Rest.

Think not you about the Return of Day, that will be your Lover's Care. Soon as he awakes, he surveys his sleeping VENUS with Eyes of Devotion; every Part receives particular Homage.

He seems to be in a World of new created Excellence. His Sight dazzled with the bewitching Variety, cannot be satisfied, nor knows where to fix.

The Sense of seeing fatigued, must be relieved by that of feeling. How his sensitive Fingers fly over the velvet Tapis; Lambkins do not bound so lightly on the tender Grass in Spring, nor does a Swallow glide more smoothly on the Water. Now with expanded Hand he skims along the polished Surface, which respectfully stops, as it draws near the magic Zone.

Desire is kindled by those Provocatives; he sighs, suspended over a thousand Charms, that unitedly attract him. He hesitates awhile in tender Contemplation, and his Kisses, soft as a Southern Wind, can't disturb her Rest; no Noise, no Whisper, no tender Apellation is heard: He means to steal a March, and surprise the Citadel of Love.

His

His Measures, however well concerted, are in vain; watchful Nature alarms her Heart. It is now Time to awake, fair Nymph, your Admirer can wait no longer. Open your bright Eyes, and receive the Compliments of the Morning. "Awake, my dear, 'tis thy own Hy-  
 "LAS calls, who loves thee more than  
 "Life". How indulgent is his Kindness to her half-awakened Charms! She is in a Trance of Bliss. Thus its peculiar Happiness attends on every State of Life.

Profest Voluptuaries, Love loses nothing by the Oaths you make. Swear Fidelity to your Mistress, then rise, and away. The more the Regret you may have to leave her, the speedier must be your Exit: wait not the tender assailing of Beauty in Tears for a departing Lover, once more be gone, nor by over-staying your Time provoke superfluous Desires. Forced  
 Plea-

Pleasures defeat their own Intent. Reflect, that you shall see her again; and if not, that Love, whose Empire is universal and provides for all his Votaries, will point you out some other Nymph, fairer, perhaps, and more desirable.

Departing Lovers, let your Farewells to your Mistresses be tender, impassioned, fraught with those new Charms kind Sadness gives; improve somewhat on Nature, but do not overleap her Bounds. Let the Temperament, backed by Fondness, make a last Effort. How welcome is an unforeseen Resource in the very Moment of quitting, when streaming Tears on both Sides warrant their mutual Anguish, and Fidelity; being the Marks, and Term of their Happiness.

Voluptuaries of every Age, who would unite the Myrtle of VENUS to the Poppies of MORPHEUS, copy my Warrior; fear neither the Capriciousness of a Belle just awaking, nor her want of Sentiment:

If



If the Rendezvous be well judged, and the Hearts in Intelligence with each other, FLORA will not be behind Hand in tasting the united Sweets of Sleep and Love. Be you a prudent Oeconomist of the Pleasures you communicate ; and by the nice Art of spinning them, you will meet those of the sleeping Fair ; and then conclude, that if Night Encounters be more animated, those of the Morning are more benign.

As the Sun breaks by Degrees through thick Clouds that had obscured his golden Rays, so FLORA's brilliant Spirit imperceptibly emerges from the Drowsiness of Sleep. Let her awaking be justly graduated, as if by the Sounds of soft Music ; and make her rise through all the Nuances that separate the gentle from the violent : But it must be your Business, ingenious Artist, to wind her up to this ; ascend by Degrees to Pleasure's Summit, through preliminary Joys,  
Un-

Unveil, behold, survey, content your greedy Eyes, as ISSE's Lover did.

But do not assail so soon. Whence the Necessity? Recoil a little, and view anew the Wonders you have seen. With a kind Jealousy raise here, and there, the embracing Gauze, that would fain hide so many Charms from you.

HAPPY PYGMALION views before him a breathing Statue, into which he burns to infuse the Intensity of Life. Already her snowy Forehead, sparkling Eyes, rosy Cheeks, the ruby Mouth, where Love resides, the Alabaster Neck, around which young Desires sport, have been saluted.

FLORA seems to have received Sensibility from the balmy Breath of her new ZEPHYRUS. I see her quivering Lips gently move towards yours. She stretches her lovely Arms with an inviting Languor, not meerly subsequent to  
her

her awaking. Her Hands, like yours, begin to stray whither instinctive Love directs.

She is more awake than asleep, more pleasingly affected, than violently agitated. It is therefore Time to proceed to Movements that will yield as kind Returns as she. — FLORA on her Side prays, — gently—ah gently—THIRIS— why this Hurry ?

Indolence gives Way ; through her bright Eyes, now half opened, she receives a Flash of Bliss from yours, by which inspirited, she calls—Now—Now — O haste — The Court of Love is ready, and waits but you.



## C H A P. VII.

*The Advantages enjoyed by the Votaries of*  
PLEASURE.

**H**OW great, ye Powers, are the Joys of Love! Without it there are none. Thrice happy are those vigorous Descendants of **ALCIDES**, in whose Veins luxuriate all the Fires of **CYTHERA**, and of **LAMPSACUS**, Enjoyment is to them one of the craving Necessities of Life; yet happier still than they are those, whose lively Imagination feasts them with a Fore-Relish to Bliss, and keeps their Hearts always strung to the Union of PLEASURE. Their joyful Days glide cloudless, nor from their Eyes can you determine whether they are going to rest, or have risen from the Banquet of Love.

Love. If the Preludes are exciting, the Sequel is not less entertaining.

Unalienable Subjects to Pleasure——  
They are thrifty in managing their Treasures, over which they dwell as a fond Mother over her young ones, she is afraid to lose.

CLIMENE has scarce finished her Devotion to CYTHEREA ; and begins to talk already——Provoking Wanton!

In the extatic Crisis of Bliss their Souls seem transfused from the loving to the beloved, and are by the Energy of mutual Passion identified. But however exquisite those Raptures are, there is still an higher Degree in the succeeding Calm. Then the Heart enjoys at Leisure what it hurried over before, and accounts for its own Transports: Its Situation reflected in the Mirrour of Pleasure, it contemplates with as much Complacency, as ADONIS did his Figure.

Happy



Happy Moments of amorous Intoxication! O learn to last a little longer; nor escape so soon from Hearts entirely devoted to you!



G

CHAP.



## C H A P. VIII.

*The Adventures of THEMIRA.*

**L**ET none approach, nor disturb  
 the Happiness I possess; dissolved  
 into an extatic Lethargy, I scarce can  
 open my Eyes sealed up by Love. Deli-  
 cious Languor!—Do I wake, or do I  
 dream? Happy SYBARITE! methinks I  
 sink into a Bed of Roses. In what vo-  
 luptuous Liquid are my Senses steeped!  
 Rapturous Inchantment! THEMIRA  
 still is mine; I see, I hold her in the  
 Bands of Love: I leave no Part unho-  
 noured with a Kiss.—Ye Gods, what  
 Attraction! The fair Illusion deserves  
 real Homage, may it ever be my Lot,

Absent to hear her, see her absent Charms,  
 And always dream I clasp her in my Arms.

Beauty's Image is equivalent to itself,  
 and sometimes more seductive.

Joyous

Joyous Remembrance of past Pleasures  
 never forsake me ! past, did I say ? no,  
 no. O Love, I feel anew your powerful  
 Presence, and all its kind Effects ; I  
 conclude the Soul to be immortal, from  
 the Divinity of her Pleasures.

Permit me, fair THEMIRA, to trace  
 anew the most trifling Incidents, when  
 you first hearkened to the Whisperings of  
 Love.

How Heart-winning was the Conflict  
 of Virtue, Esteem, and Love ! To  
 those jarring Emotions succeeded others,  
 which, though of a more soothing Na-  
 ture, did not give you less Inquietude.  
 CUPID prevailed at last, your Eyes con-  
 sentingly closed in humble Veneration of  
 the victorious Deity ; Strength and Reason  
 had deserted their Charge. Unknowing  
 of what was to ensue, an innocent Timi-  
 dity enhanced your Charms, and my  
 Fondness. You feared you were going  
 to die away, in the very Moment you

shed sweeter, than your former Tears.  
What Variety of Bliss, what soothing Intervals, what Impetuosity of Delight!

Ye jealous Powers, respect the Wanderings of THEMIRA, who scorns any Reserve with the Object of her Idolatry; this is the *Apotheosis* of Beauty: by which it soars above Mortality; nor have the Powers of Love any Existence but in our Pleasure.

No Pencil, but PETRONIUS's, can paint that first Night.

“ It bars all Words, and cuts Description short”.

If the Pleasures of the Body are so intense, what must those of the Soul be? I mean those tender Affections, those Refinements of Taste, with which the Soul imbued thinks more nobly of herself, and desires nothing more. How eminently happy are Hearts penetrated with such Sentiments! I swear, by Love, they are; I saw my THEMIRA in one  
of

of those exalting Moments, when her Soul emancipated from mortal *Pleasures*, spurned Acts of Worship, seldom rejected at the Shrines of VENUS.

All enraptured, she cries aloud, “ Say,  
 “ ye Immortals, what new Existence is  
 “ this I enjoy ? I never knew Love had  
 “ this transforming Power before——  
 “ O let me enjoy in Peace, and without  
 “ Mixture, my new and happy Being.  
 “ Low Pleasure destroys superior Happiness”.

I gazed on THEMIRA with all the Tenderness she had inspired me with. From Excess of Love her Eyes were dewed with Tears, which thence appeared more inticing; her amorous Melancholy was accompanied with an Effusion of Fondness. She awoke into Life, and all its Functions by Degrees. We gave warmer, but not less affectionate, Proofs of our Passion——“ O, no, says THEMIRA, your Heart does not feel like  
 G 3 “ mine.



“ mine. Ah! why are we animated but  
“ by one Soul ?”

Twice had CUPID approved the Sacrifice I made him. The kind THEMIRA thought every Moment to have reached the Goal ; but finding it to fly before her, and teased in the Pursuit, she muttered with Indignation, “ Must  
“ I then undergo the Fate of TANTALUS in Pleasure ?

Who in such Situations can refuse concurring to satisfy his beloved ? By participating, Pleasure is encreased.

A third Act of Devotion to VENUS and her Son appeased THEMIRA's flurried Spirits. Instead of dismissing, (with gentlest Movements) she now solicits Love.

THEMIRA seeing Passion painted in my Eyes, and how warmly I interested myself in every Article that gave her  
*Plea-*

*Pleasure*, exerted herself not to act unworthy of the generous Example I set her. Animated by the same God that had inspired me, she cries, “ Now, now, “ let us join Hearts ; who can bear the “ Thought of surviving the other? No, “ no, let us die together”.

So ingenious a Mistress can never fail of Adoration ; I shall never cease to love her ; she wants neither the Youth of *HEBE*, nor the Beauty of the *VENUS* of *Praxiteles*, to merit Worship ; her own Desert suffices.

*THEMIRA* on her Side is also satisfied. Her Lover is a consummate Master in the Art of Pleasing, and glories in having a Heart different from all others, one ever amorous, always complacent : that beats but for her. His Will, his Soul is hers. He never murmurs at any undeserved Severity she may impose. For how many Years did all his Happiness

consist in meer Kisses, Touchings, and Caresses!

If, on one Hand, no Liberties ought ever to disgust, and wean the Lover from his beloved; or suspend the Celebration of those tender Ceremonies he has contracted to perform: so, on the other, no Motive should ever make him swerve from the Allegiance he has sworn to the Sovereign of his Heart.

Be cautious, Fair Ones, whom ye trust; from their generous Proceeding only ye can judge of your Lovers' Hearts. Beware of those who, regardless of what Inconveniencies may accrue to you, would storm your Affections, and violate your Prudence. Instead of enraptured Lovers they are but impetuous Deceivers, and set no Value on yourselves.

C H A P.



## C H A P. IX.

*How the Senses contribute to the Enjoyment of PLEASURE.*

**L** E T us now examine how each Sense administers to our Pleasure. Ideal Beauty for being embodied loses not her Graces. The finest Sight in the World is a beautiful Woman ; she is pictured in our Eyes, through them her Image is conveyed to the Soul : delightful Image ! that in the most charming Colour accompanies us every where, and is a perpetual Source of amorous Desires. Without this transparent Mirrour, this admirable Organ, whereon the World is painted in Epitome, we should never know that bewitching Syren we are so often, and so pleasingly captivated by ; that can embellish whatever Object she plea-

ses. Her brilliant Pictures beguile our  
 Infirmness, making the beloved and  
 absent Fair appear; this is *Imagination's*  
 Triumph. Her all-seeing Eye retro-  
 spects on what is past, and anticipates  
 Futurity. By its Faculty Objects are  
 drawn near, and represented in the most  
 striking Colours. By this the Volup-  
 tuous repeats Enjoyment. Though I  
 cannot explain how she blends and em-  
 ploys those Colours in forming such in-  
 chanting Illusions, I can assert, that the  
 Pleasures of Imagination yield not to the  
 Reality.

Without the Organ of Hearing we  
 should never know the Charms of Con-  
 versation, or the Harmony of instru-  
 mental and vocal Music.

Without the Faculty of Smelling I  
 should never have been delighted with  
 the Perfume of Flowers, or of CEPHISA.

Without



Without the Sense of Feeling, no Joy would result from touching the smooth Sattin of a snowy Skin; the clinging of Lips would be inspid, and all the Artillery of Kisses ineffectual.

Those Joys ever young, those sportive Amusements of Love, that change Hours into Moments, would never more affect our Hearts; the divine Part of us would prove listless to the Hand, or the most active Organ of Humanity. The Rose-lip'd Mouth would no longer feel the Power of Sympathy.

No longer would be known the harmonious Concord of ingenuously united Souls. Unsolicited would be those Charms of your's, CEPHISA; which I now worship to Idolatry. No unforeseen Resources then, nor Miracles to revive despair'd of Service.

While others sing the Pleasures of the Bottle; I, by Preference, celebrate those

of Love; and, in order to succeed, invoke ANACREON'S Shade from the blissful Bowers of *Elysium*; wherever verdant Meads, and flowery Gardens are the Residence of those Souls, that had been blessed on Earth with the double Talent of being happy themselves, and of making others so. The illustrious Shade appears, an elegant Garland on his Head; Flowers instantly spring up where he has trod. Say, great Master of the voluptuous School, what this Philter is, how it operates? By what wonderful Change are our Souls and Bodies mutually imixed through Strainers of Bliss? Explain how our Spirits are transfused, and flow through every Vein to the Center of Extasy, the Heart. Do they repair thither to seek Happiness sublimed by all the Energy of Sentiment? Whence arises, O answer, this extatic, but too short, Metempsychosis of our Souls, and Bodies?

Magie

Magic Charms, attractive Force of Pleasure,\* unrevealed Myſteries of CYPRIS remain for ever hidden from common Lovers. But let every Senſe of mine be full of you, that I may adequately paint the Happineſs you give, and to which all others are ſubordinate. Its powerful Sway is known by thoſe delicious Symptoms. The Speech, Sight, Hearing, and Thought, are ſo diſturbed in their ſeveral Offices, that they yield an entire Poſſeſſion to the moſt lively Sentiments, which abſorbing the Soul and Senſes, ſuſpend the Functions of our Oeconomy.

The vain and haughty Goddeſs Reaſon, ſooner or later ſubdued, owns Love's deſpotic Power; and concurs with the Senſes to adminiſter to its Pleaſures.

By thoſe Effects the Preſence of Love is known. Who is then ſo impious as not to properly revere the moſt important

tant Action of Nature, by which we exist, multiply our Species, and Generations are renewed? All other Actions are but Distractions from this main one, necessary indeed, nay sometimes advisable; with this Proviso, that they never appear at the Celebration of Love's Mysteries.

O VENUS, how few know how to appreciate thy Favours? how few know the Self Regard they ought to have in the Arms of Pleasure? Those capable of Distraction in such happy Moments; those to whom your Pleasures are not all they wish for in this World, are as unworthy of the Name of thy Elect, as of thy Favours.

Pleasure, like Nature, has its Climax; and ascending, or descending, passes not one step over. The Summit gained, she is affected by an amorous Catalepsie, unknown to the profanedly debauched, and never felt but by orthodox Voluptuaries. C H A P.





## C H A P. X.

*An Alarm from MODESTY.*

**H**OW yon virtuous Nymph trembles as CUPID leads her by the Hand, towards her Lover's Bed. She swoons in the Arms of amorous SYLVANDER, who expires alternately in her's.

Prudent in her Happiness she moderates its Degrees so well, that their mutual Sighs only are confused. She is diffident of all the Artifices of Love; whom, notwithstanding his Deityship, she knows to be a Deceiver.

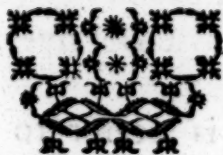
Her Love is dearer to her than any other Consideration. She might, doubtless, have satisfied all pleasurable Curiosity, by joining Issue with SYLVANDER.

She



She thinks all she can do for, nothing, unless done with, him. She refuses less to him than to herself; but she dreads the fruitful Consequences of unwarrantable Love, and obeys the Phantom's Voice, that bids her to respect herself.

Although her Tenderneſs be as ſtrong as that of any Heart unpracticed in Love, yet the Fear of Infamy prevails. Powerful Deity! ſhall a weak Mortal, that ſeemed ſo prone to thy Pleaſures, and juſt in the Moment to receive, remember what deters her from them? they alone ought to engroſs her Thoughts.





## C H A P. XI.

*Pastoral Love.*

**L**ET us now view Pleasure unassisted by Art in her rural Retreats ; there Eclogue on her homely Pipe, celebrates the undisguised Passion of enamoured Shepherds.

THIRSIUS exults to see his Flocks feed with those of SYLVANIRA, being the Emblem of their united Hearts. Love has made her beautiful, and designedly so for him. Should she ever prove inconstant, his Death would be the Consequence.

Here Elegy in Tears teazes the neighbouring Ecchos, with the Complaints and Groans of a despairing Lover. He has lost his all, in losing her he loves.  
The

The, to others chearing, Light of Day, is to him unwelcome ; he calls aloud on Death : and expostulates with Nature for his Loss.

But hear himself, as well as Sighs permit, express the Cause of his Grief. His fair one, not like others totally forsaken by *MODESTY*, as yet retained some Charms from her, with which she was accompanied in the Midst of strongest Excitements. Before her Acquaintance with *THYRSIS*, *SYLVANIRA* knew not Love.

He remembers with Transport the first Impression his Passion made on her, which appeared in Joys mixed with a fond Anxiety, at Emotions till then unknown. How many Years of distant Respect before he could dare to declare his Passion, and when he had declared, Gods, how he trembled !

She

She soon understood his Meaning; the pompous Names of Sympathy and Friendship could not impose on her; she knew Love, though masked, and his Intention to deceive her. Perhaps, unwittingly she helped this Deity to inspire our honest Swain with as much Confidence, as she had assumed to herself from his too awful Respect.

In THYRSIS' Sense to be thought worthy of SYLVANIRA's Affections was preferable to the Enjoyment of them: Mutual Love was to his delicate Heart the first Degree of Happiness, without which all the others are nothing.

Sincerity of Sentiments was the Cement of their Passions; and a Candidness of Soul the heightener of their Affections. They were never guilty of any other Excess, than of Complacency, and Love to each other; the genuine Happiness of Hearts.

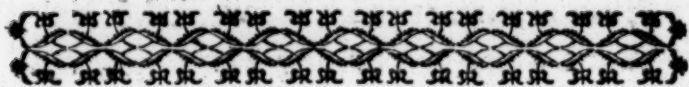
Weep

Weep (since Tears are sometimes pleasing) disconsolate Shepherd. Hearts in Love find a Kind of Charm in their Sorrow ; they indulge their Sadness, and in a pleasing Melancholy taste Sweets estranged from turbulent Joys. Why refuse them this, their only Comfort, to beguile their Solitude ?

A Day will come, young Shepherd, when entirely comforted, thou shalt have no other Regret than that of not feeling thy Loss. Therefore treasure up Sorrow now, as you would be happy hereafter ; for, when once you lose it, you will fall from your superior Existence in Love, and be ranked among common Beings.

C H A P.





## C H A P. XII.

*The PRUDE.*

**W**H Y, adorable Z A I D E, list thyself in the ridiculous Class of PRUDES, who art by Nature otherwise? Why does the Idea of me obtain more from you, than in Reality I can? I plead guilty to your Imagination, and confess myself to be such as you suppose me, *a Man*. I swear by your bright Eyes, that you have nothing more to fear with the Original, than with the Copy. This is wantonly losing substantial Bliss to embrace a Cloud, as I X I O N did.

Banish all idle Surmises, fear neither Indiscretion nor Inconstancy from me. Your own Charms suffice to insure me to you. Since our Hearts have been made for each other, let kind Sympathy bind them for ever. How

How absurd is it in us, weak Mortals, to think there can be any Happiness destitute of the Gifts of VENUS? Whatever Pains may have been taken to imagine such, CUPID spurns them. Let us dread the Anger of so formidable a Power.

Come then, dear ZAIDE, come to your own DAMETAS. Say candidly, do you not feel somewhat wanting, an inexplicable Void in your present State? Be assured there is no other Way to fill it, but with Love. Why were those Lillies given to your Complexion?—that your Lover might kindle them into Roses. The Empire of FLORA is submitted to that of Love.

The Day will come when you shall repent for your not having loved, were it even an inconstant Heart. How inconsolably will you then regret all those heavenly Days crawled through in cold  
In-

Indifference; which let slip, adieu for ever: all your Sorrow will then be of no Avail.

Rapid as Wind,  
 Time flies away,  
 And leaves no Track behind;  
 Enjoy,  
 You may,  
 Love's Holiday;  
 Which lost:  
 You ne'er shall find.

Behold this Myrtle, short lived it soon shall fade, but makes the best Use of its short Duration; is not coy to the Caresses of FLORA, or kind inhaling of Zephyrus. Let us, O ZAIDE, imitate it in every Thing; and as its Life is the Emblem of ours for Duration, let it be so for the Enjoyment of it.



## C H A P. XIII.

*The COQUETTE.*

**W**HY run from me, pretty Wanton?—I call young CHLOE in vain; nor can I overtake her—She and her Charms are already hid from me—But soft, my Soul, is not this a Sort of amorous Challenge? Is it not a favourite Finesse of Coquettes to hide themselves in order to be sought for?

In those amorous Sports so well depicted by VIRGIL, the Artifices and Coquetry of Love are displayed. When you think to seize him on rosy Lips, sensible of his being naked of Defence there, he flies to shelter for Safety. Now nighed in a Ringlet of CHLOE's Hair, he yields to the kind Impulse of ZEPHY-

RU,

RUS, and sportfully hops from Shoulder to Shoulder.

How I love to see him, wearied with flying like a Bird from Lillies to Roses, from Ivory to Coral, and then light on CHLOE's beauteous Bosom. Vain is your Attempt to catch him there; he is already gone. Whither fled? In what Place is he hid? wherever Beauty resides. He has indeed a last Retreat; his favourite Stop: Which he nestles on; as the fond Linnet does over her young ones.

There pursue him close—Behold he asks for Quarter, but in such a Manner, as shews, that he desires it not. He retires to this blissful Bower to shew his Empire is not unlimited, and that he is never better pleased, than when surprised: Because then he can plead an Excuse for his Defeat.

H

CHAP.





## C H A P. XIV.

*The* THEATRES.

THE Opera House is Pleasure's most magnificent Temple, and the most frequented by what is called the best Company. Let us repair thither. Now, see all the Elegance of Dancing revealed by those two contrasted and celebrated Performers. In the one, what Agility, what Force, what Precision. Pleasure, accompanied with Jollity and Smiles, constantly escort her. The others' Movements cause less Amazement, but insinuate themselves deeper into our Favour. Every Step is measured by the Graces, and guided by Love; what an easy and enchanting Deportment! The one shines by Sprightliness and Novelty. The other is imperceptibly winning, and inimitable. If the one merit to preside over the

the

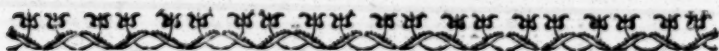
the Nymphs ; the other deserves to lead the Dance of the Graces.

Bewitching Art ! what Heart so hard as to be insensible to the eloquent Delicacy of thy Movements ? at the cadenced Elevation, and symmetrized Display of beautiful Arms, each Eye looks Rapture, and every Heart bounds Applause.

Modern TERPSICHOES with Pleasure I behold your different Claims to the publick's Esteem. In one, the Graces are subordinate to Art ; in the other the Graces prevail : Amiable Rivals, what would the Ballets of APOLLO be, if not adorned with your excellent Performance !

But hark — The Force of Music invades us. Is the God of Harmony descended on Earth ? what Variety of Sounds expressive of Joy, Grief, &c, that sway human Hearts, which Way they please, as ORPHEUS did of old ?

The tragic Muse delights me next. I am pleased to feel with MEROPE all a Parent's Anxiety for an only Son, the Hope of Empire, and exposed to imminent Danger. I never can forget thee tender JULIET, whose Heart was made for Love, and always view thee with ROMEO's Eyes. Unfortunate Pair, deserving of a better Fate. Why should so pure a Passion as yours be thwarted by vulgar Prejudices, your Hearts soared emulous above,



# CHAP. XV.

*The Enjoyments of the Table, and good Fellowship.*

TO proceed with Order, the Pleasures of the Table succeed to public Diversions. The Voluptuary knows how to chuse his Guests, who must be in Unison with him; that is, sensual, delicate, amiable: Rather jocose and humorous,

rous; than quaintly smart. He never admits to be of his Party, a troublesome Story-Teller, nor learnedly tedious Differtators, nor wrangling Politicians, nor profest Wits, whose sole Aim is to shine above others, and not to contribute to the general Satisfaction. He does not mean thereby to exclude happy Conceits, or lively Sallies : But over all bids Festivity preside; and Joy, the Herald of Pleasure, wanton in every Eye, as Heart-gladdening Champaign sparkles in their Glasses.

The Glutton crammed, and out of Breath before the first Service is over, knows no farther Desire. The Voluptuary tastes of every Dish, takes indeed but a little of each; thus by saving himself in particulars, he profits of the whole.

COMUS directs his Kitchen, and fly VENUS knows with what Ingredients to season his Dish. While others hastily swallow their Champaign, he judiciously

spins out his Glass, as he does all his other Pleasures.

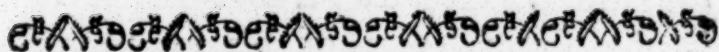
He is peculiarly fond of those precious *Tete a Tetes*, where Elbows on the Table, and Legs joined underneath, the Eyes but weakly express the Language of the Heart.

Beautiful IRIS, fill a Bumper; whether your Admirer be made sleepy or excited by it; from the Table to Bed is not far. The Champaign he has quaffed, will this Night be elixired by Love, and gratefully returned where due.

Never hinder BACCHUS from settling his Accounts with MORPHEUS, if you do, he never makes but a short Journey in Consequence. Goddess of CYPRUS, I know full well what Sacrifice your powerful Influence deserves. Every Thing has its proper Season, therefore IRIS be advised, and never awake your Lover.

C H A P.





## C H A P. XVI.

*The Voluptuary displayed.*

LET us survey the Voluptuary in every Circumstance, whether discursing, walking, reading, thinking, &c. He distinguishes Pleasure from Happiness, as the Odour from the Flower that exhales it; or musical Sounds from the Instrument that yields them. Thus he defines Debauchery; *an Excess of mis-judged Happiness*: And thus Pleasure, *the Spirit and Quintessence of well chosen Happiness*; which he knows how to husband with Art, and enhance by Sentiment.

He is not accountable for People's having more Desires than are necessary. Pleasure resembles the aromatic Spirit of Plants, of which we take no more than we inhale. And this is the Reason why

the rational Voluptuary is always attentive to the secret Voice of his expanding Senses. That on one Hand he may better distinguish the Summons of genuine Pleasure; and on the other, that the Senses may be the better prepared to receive it. But if they are not so disposed, he religiously abstains from Provocatives of any Kind; because they would destroy his boasted Art; the Philosophy of Happiness.

As Nature new dresses herself in Spring, let us do so too—let our Hearts be robed in the Enamel of Meadows, and green Gaiety of the Fields. Let our Imaginations be enwreathed with those Flowers, that smile Invitation to us. Fair Maids, adorn your Bosoms with them; it is for that they bloom: But at the same Time be sure to take more Love than Flowers, and let yourselves be led by Affection to Pleasure, and prove not deaf to the Voice of Nature, that speaks to you through all her Works

Works. See those young Birds, although but newly fledged, their Wings waft them to Love. What makes ZEPHYR wanton among yon Leaves? Love! even the Flowers connubiate; and the officious Winds are their Love-Commissioners.

Say, kind CORINNA, who are so rich in Sentiment; if in enjoying Pleasure, Instinct participates more than the Mind: Does not the Mind relish it better than Instinct can?

How many Charms our Voluptuary finds in a Nofegay! is Love concealed among the Flowers that compose it? HILARIO thinks he smells him there, and would fain introduce him by a new way to his Heart. But from whence those Raptures? The Nofegay had been in MARIA's Bosom; she in Return receives one from him, which he views with jealous Eyes. It now adorns the Throne of Charms. He envies its too happy Situation.

H 5

Pain

Pain is an Age, Pleasure but a Moment, therefore the convalescent Voluptuary says, "Let us enjoy it with Oeconomy". As he recovers, a Review of the Universe transports him, like the happy Bee he tastes of every Flower, and is regaled with every Perfume. A Table elegantly served new whets his Appetite ; and exquisite Wines flatter his reviving Palate. He feels again the Power of Beauty ; nay, the first Country PHYLLIS he sees, is to him a favourite Sultana ; the very Miracle of Beauty.

He meets his former Acquaintance LESBIA, and swears her Predecessor in Charms was not so much loved by CATULLUS as she is by him. "Wanton as ever, I find, my frolicksome Lads. Will you never restrain your Inclination to Gallantry, but be always beforehand with Desire. Surrender already ? O fie. A decent Resistance gives

“ gives a new Zest to what you are idel-  
 “ latrous of.”

Pleasure has its Light and Shade; the latter is to me, and to all inamorato Connoisseurs, the more eligible, as it permits many tender Toyings, Day is an Enemy to.

He chuses for his Walks those Places most beautified by Nature. There among purling Streams, fanning Zephyrs, and singing Birds, the exhaling Flowers inspirit him with their Odours. If alone, he amuses himself with the Lecture of PRIOR, HAMMOND, and other Authors, from the Library of Love; which he quits to go in Search of a favourite Dryad, that has given the signal Laugh to him, from among the Trees. The *Fauns* behold his Happiness with an envious Leer,

Answer me, Monarchs of this World,  
 can the laboured Symphonies that re-

H 6

found



found in your gorgeous Palaces excite  
such Joys as these ?

Our Hero is always the first at a Rendezvous, and waits the coming of his Goddess with a reverential Silence, attentive to every Noise that may intimate her Approach.—But see —JULIA comes —his Anxiety is cured.

Now she reposes on a Bed of Flowers. He bids the Birds to cease their Songs, the Rivulets to stop their Babbling, and enjoins Silence on all Nature. How enchanting is she in the Folds of Sleep ! he dwells on each Charm with Eyes of Adoration. Cheer her MORPHEUS with most pleasing Dreams, which awaking she may realise.

Should I live to regret the Loss of Youth and Vigour, what a cruel Plight must my poor Heart be in ? void of Affection, unfeeling of Desire, what supplemental Arts can then relieve my  
Pain

Pain ? none alas ! if reduced to that invalid State, grant me pitying Powers, from Time to Time, some faint Inking of what I have been, which will be as cheering to me, as to harra Mariners is the Morning Star.

Can Pleasure ever prove so ungrate as to forsake a Man who has sacrifice every Thing to it. Return me back those Days spent in your Service, and I'll devote them to you again, and again.

How much happier than I is you Peach-Tree, to which Nature is a kind Parent, to me a cruel Step-mother. A prolific Zephyr having impregnated the Air, the Tree is warmed with new Life, and gradually blossoms into Flowers, productive of most excellent Fruit. How many Springs have you been thus revived, and how many Renewals yet remain ? Man, alas, has but one Spring. But since unavailing Lamentations cannot alter the Chain of Things  
let

let us make the most of the little Time we have to stay.

To form a compleat Voluptuary, and unprejudiced Mind and a soundly are requisite, because they make him fond of Life. Enamoured of Nature he admires her various Beauties, setting a proper Value upon each. His Heart is never infected by the Poison of Disgust, or Loathing.

Superior to Fortune and her Capriciousness, he is every Thing to himself; nor knows any Ambition but that of being happy. A true Scholar of EPICURUS, Thunder cannot alarm, nor Death affright him.

Although the Trees lose their Verdure and their Leaves, he still preserves his Passion. When Rivers are chained with Ice, and the Earth deep frozen, there is a Summer-Warmth in his Heart.

Is he with his DELIA? Winds, Rain, wintry Storms, warring Elements, instead of marring, you heighten the Joys of our modern TIBULLUS. If the Surface of the Sea be calm and unruffled, he looks on it as an Emblem of that Peace, which should ever subsist between them. But if outrageous Hurricanes cause wild Commotions there, and (as our unrivalled Master of Expression says)

“ The yesty Billows swallow Navigation up. ” \*  
The frightful Tempest cannot disturb him, while DELIA continues kind.

He makes every Object concur to his Happiness; the Spring's gay Livery delights him, its Colour is so gentle and friendly to the Eye. The rising and setting Sun he views with Admiration; and their varied Decorations, inimitable by the Painter's Art, however excellent.

With less Wonder but more Delight he enjoys the Moon's silver Light, to

grateful

grateful Travellers a kind Substitute for the bright Orb that rules the Day. He smiles to the Stars that sparkle so brilliantly from the azure Vault.

If his Days be happy ; happier still are those blissful Nights which have so many peculiar Advantages. They inspire pleasing Reveries, and invite to Walk by the Twilight in the Grove. Is DELIA there? he asks no more. She is the Universe to him.



## C H A P. XVII.

### *The Aberrations of PLEASURE.*

THE foremost of the illustrious Wanderers from the direct Paths of Pleasure is *Grecian SAPPHO*! — Why idly strive to represent the other Sex and neglect the Office of your own? Was ever so capricious a Desire to change? you forsake what you may have; in quest of that you never can. Nature disclaims the



the Part you act. How much better would these admirable Verses of your's have been address'd from one of our Sex to a favourite Nymph, than from you.

## I

Blest as the Immortal Gods is he,  
The Youth who fondly sits by thee,  
Who hears, and sees thee all the while,  
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

## II.

'Twas this depriv'd my Soul of Rest,  
And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast;  
For while I gaz'd in transports tost,  
My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

## III.

My Bosom glow'd, the subtle Flame  
Ran quick through all my vital Frame;  
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung;  
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

## IV.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd;  
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd;  
My feeble Pulse forgot to play;  
I fainted, sunk, and died away.\*

\* Despairing to give a better, I thought it safest, and best to present my Readers with this old justly admired Translation of SAPPHO's Ode,

The second Class of deviating Culprits, are those, who kindled by libidinous Thoughts, or a view of others Happiness, practice on themselves. How enrapturedly they peep at the mysterious Rites; and the more they are unwilling to disturb the Priests in their Performance: The more they feel themselves impelled to similar Acts of Devotion. Too strong an Inclination to represent the Field of Battle prevails; and tingling Fingers stray to illicit Pleasure: But an Essay of social, will be a sufficient Cure against all such niggard, and solitary Joys.

The last Class are those whom VENUS holds in utter Detestation. At the very Mention of them CNIDUS, CYTHERA, and PAPHOS are alarmed.

The handsome Youth GITO, receives in compliment for his Beauty the swiftest Courser of *Macedon*. — “ *That Nature* “ *erring from herself!* ” Yet the elegant PETRONIUS exhausts his Art in so vile a Cause.

But

But as undepraved Humanity abominates the Crime ; so Decency forbids any Comment on it.



*Conclusion, to MODESTY.*

THESE are then thy Boasts, and these thy Triumphs imperious CUPID, and seductive VENUS, to mislead fallen Mankind from Truth to Error, and make them forego real Happiness to catch at illusive Shadows; whose dissolute Pursuit, by enervating, disqualifies them from the superior Enjoyments of the Mind; and virtuous Exertions of the Heart.

As unquestionable Merit is always accompanied by MODESTY; so the refined, the only, to a rational Being, desirable Pleasures of Love, are never to be found but where she presides. Therefore Libertines of both Sexes, your licentious Worship is the Idolatry of Vice, productive of Infamy, and Repentance.

Would

Would ye be truly happy; recant from  
the lewd Doctrine of VENUS and of CU-  
PID: By reciting the following Lines  
proclaim your Conversion.

“ Hail MODESTY, fair female Honour hail,  
“ Beauty’s chief Ornament, and Beauty’s Self,  
“ For Beauty must with Virtue ever dwell  
“ And thou art Virtue! and without thy Charms  
“ Beauty disgusts, and Wit is insolent.  
“ Thou giv’st the Smile its Grace, the melting Kiss  
“ To thrill voluptuous to the fainting Soul,  
“ Alas too tenderly! and but for thee  
“ The very Raptures of the lawful Bed  
“ Were Outrage, and foul Riot, Rites obscene,  
“ Celestial Maid!”

OECONOMY OF LOVE.



F I N I S.

